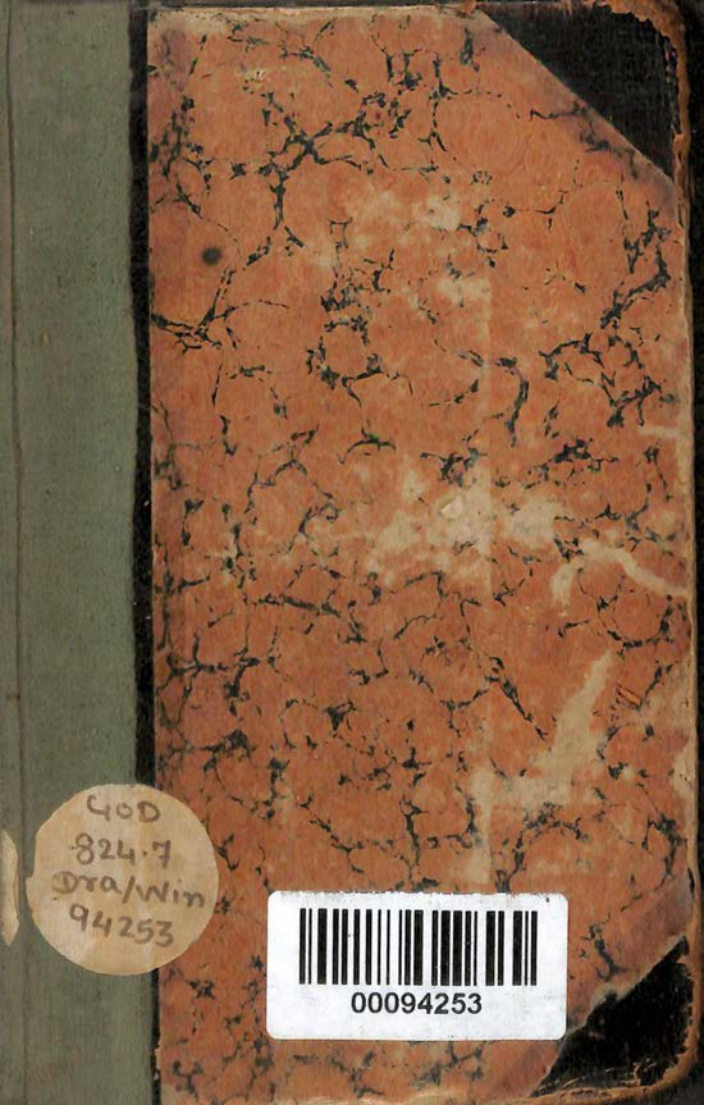
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WINTER NIGHTS;

or,

Fire-side Meditations.

NATH. DRAKE, M.D.

94253

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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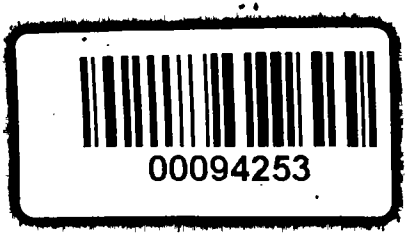
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TO

MRS. DRAKE,

OF YORK,

WHO, IN HER EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR,
STILL ENJOYS THE BLESSINGS OF HEALTH AND
INTELLECT,

THIS LITTLE WORK,

THE OFFERING OF ONE,
WHO YET RECOLLECTS, WITH UNABATED LOVE
AND DELIGHT,
THE MANY YEARS OF HAPPINESS AND
INSTRUCTION
SPENT BENEATH HIS NATIVE ROOF,
IS,
WITH THE WARMEST FEELINGS OF GRATITUDE,
DEDICATED

BY HER TRULY AFFECTIONATE SON,

NATHAN DRAKE.

Hadleigh, Suffolk,
February 12th, 1820.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

No.		PAGE
I.	Introductory. On the Moral and Domestic Happiness of an English Fire-side	1
II.	Kirton Priory, or the Burtons and Bollerdistons; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century	25
III.	Inscription for the Tomb of Guthrun the Dane, in St. Mary's Church, Hadleigh. With Preliminary Remarks on the Antiquity of Hadleigh, and on the Character of Guthrun	64
IV.	Critical Observations on "Scenes of Infancy;" a Poem by Dr. Leyden	77
V.	The Same concluded	109
VI.	Kirton Priory, or the Burtons and Bollerdistons; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century, continued	146
VII.	On the Life and Martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor; with Poems commemorative of his Character and Sufferings	188
VIII.	On the Love of Country and of Home	219
IX.	Kirton Priory, or the Burtons and Bollerdistons; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century, continued	242
X.	Mary of Hadleigh; a Tale in Verse, with prefatory Anecdotes	263

WINTER NIGHTS.

No. I.

Winter, thou daughter of the storm,—
I love thee when the day is o'er,
Spare of the tempest's outward roar;
Queen of the tranquil joys that weave
The charm around the sudden eve;
The thick'ning foot-steps thro' the gloom,
Telling of those we love come home;
The candles lit, the cheerful board,
The dear domestic group restor'd;
The fire that shows the looks of glee,
The infants standing at our knee;
The busy news, the sportive tongue,
The laugh that makes us still feel young;
The health to those we love, that now
Are far as ocean winds can blow;

The health to those who with us grew,
And still stay with us tried and true;
The wife that makes life glide away,
One long and lovely marriage day.
Then music comes till —'round us creep
The infant list'ners half asleep;
And busy tongues are loud no more,
And, Winter, thy sweet eve is o'er.

ANONYMOUS.

THE pleasures and gratifications which flow from the FIRE-SIDE, may be considered as almost peculiar to these islands. In warmer climates the aid of fire is demanded for little else than culinary purposes; whilst in the northern regions of continental Europe, the gloomy and unsocial stove forms, in general, the only medium through which the rigours of their intense Winter are mitigated. To the enlivening blaze, and the clean swept hearth, and to all the numerous comforts, which, in this country, so usually wait upon their junction, they are perfect strangers.

Delightful and interesting as is the aspect of nature, under the warmth, and splendour, and genial influence of a summer sun, it is,

I confess, not without a preference, that I look forward to those seasons, when the falling leaf or drifting snow, draws closer the family circle, and ushers in that social and intellectual intercourse which constitutes the dearest charm, and, next to religion, the highest privilege of human existence.

When all without is wrapped in darkness, and the freezing blast howls eager for entrance round your dwelling, with what enjoyment do its inmates crowd to the cheerful hearth, and, as the flame glows brighter on their cheeks, listen, with a sensation of self-gratulating security, to the storm that shakes their solid roof. It is here that the power of contrast is experienced in all its force; not only in reference to the exposure, fatigues, and hazards, which may have been actually incurred ere the daylight closed; but imagination is at work to paint the lot of those less fortunate than themselves, and who, still exposed to all the fury of the storm, feel the bitterness of their fate augmented by intrusive recollections of our social and fire-side enjoyments.

Numerous have been the efforts which our poets have made to depicture in colours worthy of the subject, this affecting contrariety of situation and feeling. Cowper, whose muse seems enamoured of winter scenery, and has delineated it with a felicity and power of expression, perhaps never exceeded, is peculiarly eloquent upon this topic. After describing, in language the most striking, the comforts of his fire-side, and painting the severity of the frost, and the roughness of the wind as endearing to him the security and the warmth which he enjoys within, he justly, and most happily vindicates the propriety and moral utility of indulging the imagination in the construction of such contrasts, illustrating his observations by a picture at once equally valuable for its distinctness and its truth.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,

And sympathise with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots besides his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downwards, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on. *

The following sketches also, which are executed in the best manner of their respective authors, and which may not probably be so familiar to my readers as the preceding piece, exhibit, by their accuracy and high finishing, scarcely less forcible illustrations of this delightful species of fireside felicity. The first of these draughts is

* Task, Book iv.

the creation of that amiable and exquisite poet, Kirke White, whose premature death can never be recollected without feelings of the deepest commiseration and regret.

Go with the cotter to his wintor fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hourse hau-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he listens the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And claps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake. *

* Remains of Henry Kirke White, vol. ii. p. 159. first edition.

We owe the second to his learned and accomplished Biographer, who, describing in his Madoc, the adventurous vessel of his Hero driving before the storm, beautifully says: —

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us; but — to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not; to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark, —
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endur'd the horror, oh,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner! *

A sense of comfort and comparative security, naturally disposes the mind to sociability and

* Madoc, part iv. p. 45. 4to. edition.

conversation; nor can there be a more effectual mode of dissipating the reserve of an English constitution, than by subjecting it to the influence of a brisk fire during the dark evenings of December. We may venture, indeed, to remark, that, like the hoary vesture of a winter's morning, exhaling in the solar light, so vanishes this repulsive frost-work of the soul before the exhilarating illumination of the social hearth. It is also curious and pleasant to trace the effects of such relaxation on the two great classes of mankind; to compare the tranquil and elegant gratifications of the educated circles of both sexes in the middle order of society, with the hearty, but too often boisterous mirth of the honest peasant in his chimney corner.

With both, however, rest those feelings of home-felt enjoyment, which so generally shun the halls of grandeur and of wealth, and which, most assuredly, keep far aloof from the mansions of dissipation and vice. We can picture, without incurring any charge of romantic exaggeration, the cottage hind hanging over his blazing faggot, telling, or list-

owing to the tales of faithful love, or goblin fear; of recounting with blithesome glee and reiterated peals of laughter, the frolics of his earlier days; nor heeding, unless to enhance the comforts of his warm retreat,

> ——the storm that blows
> Without, and rattles on his humble roof. *

We can also paint, with equal facility and truth, the gaiety, the wit, and humour that sparkle by the fire-side of him who, with a few friends, alike distinguished for their worth, their wisdom, and their taste, knows how to illumine the dreariest night of winter

> With mirth that, after, no repenting draws. †

But where, except in the abodes of rustic honesty or educated virtue, shall we find that heartfelt exhilaration, or those pure and attic pleasures, which have given to the fire-side of a

* Thomson's Winter, line 92.
† Milton's Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner.

Briton a character so enviably sacred? That this species of domestic happiness, therefore, should yet be so frequent among us, as still to impress upon the society of these islands a character of peculiarity, is at once an eulogium upon our country of the highest magnitude and value.

To those who, unfortunately for themselves, are still strangers to the social and moral comforts which dwell by the fire-sides of the intelligent and the good, the following verses will afford a picture so lovely and interesting, that I scarcely think it possible for the most thoughtless and dissipated to peruse them, without a thorough conviction of the folly and utter worthlessness of their own pursuits. They are the production of a lady with whom I had the pleasure of being once acquainted, and at whose fire-side was really felt and communicated the happiness which she has described. *

* Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, who resided for a few years in Hadleigh.

MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

O, I hae seen great anes, and been in great ha's,
Mang lords and mang ladies a' cover'd with braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whar the great shine o' splendour has dazzled my een,
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh, cheering's the blink o' my ain fire-side.

Ance mair, Guid be thankit! by my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends b' my youth I cordially mingle:
Nae form to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry—and sigh when I'm sad,
Nae fauschood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me—and friendship to cheer.
Of a' roads to happiness ever was tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire-side,
Ane's ain fireside, ane's ain fireside,
Oh! happiness sits by ane's ain fire-side!

When I draw in my stool on my cozie hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's flown on the winds — its clean out o' sight,
Past sorrows they seem but as dreams o' the night;

I hear but kent voices — kent faces I see,
And mark fond affection glint saft frae ilk ee.
Nae flerchings o' flattery — nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart, at ane's ain fire-side;
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side;
Oh! there's nought to compare to my ain fire-side. *

There is one portion of the winter when the fire-side, from the customary convivialities of the period, becomes peculiarly attractive. I allude to the season of *Christmas*, a festival which, from a vivid recollection of the manner of its celebration in the North about forty years ago, has been indissolubly associated in my mind with all the delightful reminiscences of early life; blending the rainbow visions of youth and unalloyed hope, with those religious feelings and innocent recreations, which give to the close of the year so hallowed, and, at the same time, so exhilarating an aspect.

With what a soothing melancholy, as the blast sweeps across my shutters and whistles

* Vide Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 51.

round my room, do I often sit by the fire-side on the dark nights of December, and call to mind the festive pleasures of a northern Christmas eve —

> ——————"the happy night,
> That to the cottage as the crown,
> Brought tidings of salvation down;

when, after having surrounded the yule-clog, as it lay in ponderous majesty on the kitchen floor, and each had sang his yule-song, standing on its centre, we consigned it to the flames, that

> Went roaring up the chimney wide,

and, tripping across the hall, sprang with joyous faces into the parlour, where the tale, the dance, and the game, the minced-pie, and the spiced bowl, rendered doubly sweet by the approving smiles of our delighted parents, completed our satisfaction.

It is in combination with imagery such as this, which, in the morning of life, spread as it were a fairy mantle over the severest rigours of

the season; that winter, independent of the attractions arising from its awful and sublime scenery, ever after charms. Well may those, who are still wise enough to cherish the feelings of these enviable hours, and love to see them remembered in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of their own children, deprecate, with our Poet Laureate, the misrepresentation of the season as cheerless and severe:—

They should have drawn thee by the high-heap't hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd-chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October, brown and bright.

The enjoyments of the fire-side, however, are not confined to the production of recreation or colloquial intercourse. It may be also justly termed the nurse of literary pleasures, whether these are pursued in a solitary or social manner. How happy does the student feel himself when,

as the snow is falling fast around him, and the wind of night howls fearfully in his ears, he stirs his cheerful fire, places himself near it in his elbow-chair, and, lighting his taper, opens some classic of the "olden time," or some equally interesting writer of more modern days. Then, whether poetry, philosophy, or romance engage his attention, he is speedily absorbed in a world of his own; and the elements which rage round his room, serve but to endear his situation, and to rivet and concentrate his abstraction. In an evening such as this, when the mind demands relaxation after the duties of the day, whether these have been of a studious or a practical nature, can there be a much greater or more rational luxury than the perusal of some masterly work of fiction? No; with a contemporary author we may say, that life has few things better to give than sitting at the chimney-corner in a winter evening, after a well-spent day, and reading such a composition.* Let us add, the Romances of the Tales of Walter Scott.

* Dunlop's History of Fiction, 1st edition, vol. iii. p. 307.

If any thing can give fresh poignancy and zest to such a treat, it is to be found in the participation of a few congenial auditors. You have attained, perhaps, the highest gratification which sources of this kind can confer, if, whilst reading the work of a master-spirit, you perceive his appeals to the heart or imagination producing their fullest effects, and exciting, in those who are dear to you as relatives or friends, those exquisite emotions of sublimity, beauty, and pathos; of humour, wit, or satire; which open, as it were, an intellectual paradise, whereby sympathy of feeling and reciprocity of taste double every charm, and throw a fascination, exclusively their own, over all the creations of genius.

> Oh happy, on a night like this,
> The man who knows domestic bliss!
> Where, when endearing converse falls,
> Sweet songs, or legendary tales,
> Or sober history's lesson sage,
> Or my own Shakspeare's magic page—
> Shall, wing'd with rapture, speed away
> The evening of a winter's day. *

* These lines are taken, with some slight alteration, from a volume lately published, under the title of "Lyrical Dramas,

The fire-side has also peculiar attractions for the contemplative man; for him, who, having passed into the vale of years, looks back on his pilgrimage with sorrow, yet with resignation and gratitude. He has learnt to form a just estimate of the pleasures and pursuits of human life; and, whilst contemning for their utter worthlessness, the hopes, the wishes, and the habits, the tumults and conflicting passions of the busy multitude, to place a due value upon inflictions which have taught him, not only to despise the world, but to revert, as far as trammelled nature will allow him, to the innocence and guileless simplicity of early life, the lowly wisdom that alone can point the path to peace and heaven.

With what a soothing philosophic melancholy, does this way-worn sufferer reflect, whilst sitting solitary and abstracted by the dim and

---

with Domestic Hours; a Miscellany of Odes and Songs. By Cornelius Neale, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge." A collection of great value, whether considered in a moral or poetical light, and on the merits of which I shall have occasion hereafter to enter more at large.

shadowy illumination of his winter-hearth, on the privations he has undergone, and the troubles he has passed through. It is then, that, with a feeling beyond most things dear and consolatory, as springing in the bosom of him who has been more sinned against than sinning, may he exclaim with the pensive poet:—

Let others love soft summer's ev'ning smiles,
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms,
Then, when the sullen shades of evening close,
Where thro' the room a blindly-glimmering gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumined roof
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove. †

† Vale Pleasures of Melancholy in Mant's Watton, vol. i. pp. 71–77.

Yet, how many things are there in this retrospection of our journey through life, which may serve to mitigate disappointment, and reconcile man to his lot. The very recollection I have just alluded to, when, passing over intermediate years of feverish existence, we dwell with a cherished remembrance on the innocent delights of our childhood and earliest youth, must be, as unalloyed with any painful or durable regret, beyond measure peculiarly soothing; for is it not to a similar state, though in a purer and more exalted degree, that we are hastening in the mansions of our heavenly Father?

It is seldom also that the solitude of a winter's fire-side fails to recall the memory of our departed friends, whether these are but transiently fled, or, as to this world, irrecoverably gone. They come before us clothed in the loveliest light that fancy and affection can throw round them, with all their virtues registered in our hearts, and all their sins forgotten. It is an occupation of the mind in the highest degree favourable to every moral and social feeling; for it is a tribute not only to departed worth, but it

tends powerfully to augment our attachment to those whom Providence has spared to our declining years. Even to him who stands alone in the world, whose domestic circle, and whose dearest friends have long since vanished in the grave, even to him shall the sober twilight of a winter evening fire prove a luxury of no common kind, as inducing those pleasingly mournful ideas, those tender recollections and consolatory hopes, which no other season or situation is so well calculated to afford. How awful, yet, at the same time, how grateful is it to reflect, that we are rapidly approaching to the hour which our beloved friends have so lately passed; an hour which, though it usher us into an unknown state of being, will, there is every reason to believe, restore us to the society of those who formed our purest happiness on earth, and who are well prepared to assist in its completion round the throne of God.

There are, in fact, few of our customary inquietudes, privations, or disappointments which, when the breast is free from self-accusation, may not admit of banishment or alleviation from the pleasures or the contemplations of the

fire-side. Sufferings, it is true, there are; agonies of the heart, the product of our own guilt or that of others, to which no remedy can apply, save that which flows from the mercy of our Creator, propitiated by penitence and prayer. But of agitations such as these, which can only be composed by him who bade the waves be still, and they were so, it is not my province to discourse. I would merely in this paper, and in those which are to follow, aim at presenting my readers with such topics as may tend, in conjunction with the stores already accumulated for a similar purpose, to render the fire-side, under the common vicissitudes of life, a source of pleasure, of comfort, and of consolation; whether, briskly blazing, it illumine the features of the social circle, or with glowing embers dimly light the apartment of the solitary sufferer.

For this purpose, criticism, prose-fiction, and poetry, will be alternately called into requisition; occasionally, as in the present Number, dwelling at some length on those rational and heart-soothing gratifications, which almost exclusively flow from the cultivation of domestic

intercourse; and which, in this country, are happily, and more peculiarly known, under the expressive appellation of *fire-side enjoyments*.

No. II. *

Hail, ye bold turrets, and thou reverend pile,
That seem in Age's hoary vest to smile!—
All hail! For here creative Fancy reads
Of ages past the long-forgotten deeds.—
With trembling footsteps I approach thy gates;
The massy door upon the hinges grates;
Hark! as it opens, what an hollow groan
'Cross the dark hall and down the aisles is thrown!

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

It was towards the close of a stormy evening, on the 25th of August, 1658, that

* In this Tale I have endeavoured, in the person of Colonel Burton, to give a slight sketch of the commencement of that mental hallucination which leads to a belief, not only in the existence, but in the actual appearance of spectral forms, whether of the dead or of the absent, and which has been so ably described by Dr. Ferriar, in his "Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions." For this purpose, I have chosen a period for my story, when, according to the Dr., spectral delusions were more than commonly prevalent in this country, namely, during the inter regnum, after the civil war, in 1659, when "the melancholic tendency of the rigid puritans of that period: their occupancy of old family seats, formerly the residence of hos-

Colonel Burton and his daughter entered on the occupation of an old mansion and estate, in the North of England, which had been allotted to the Colonel by the Protector, as a portion of his reward for long and faithful services.

The property had been for some centuries in the possession of an ancient and respectable family of the name of Bellerdiston, who had sacrificed every thing in the cause of Royalty, and who had now, after repeated spoliation and persecution, been at length suddenly driven from the seat of their ancestors by the vindictive arm of Cromwell.

About three months had elapsed since the flight of the Bellerdistons, consisting of Sir Gregory Bellerdiston, his son and daughter, from Kirton Priory, when its newly-created lord had the first glimpse of its venerable tur-

pitality and good cheer, which in their hands became desolate and gloomy; and those sad stories propagated by the discarded retainers to the ancient establishments, ecclesiastical and civil, contributed together to produce a national horror unknown in other period of our history."

Essay, pp. 109, 110.

rets, as he descended the thickly-wooded hill that skirted the valley in which it stood. The sun was rapidly sinking towards the horizon, and cast a farewell gleam of deep crimson on the otherwise darkly-shaded summit of the north-eastern angle of the building, while the wind, rising into impetuous gusts, and howling with savage sublimity, lashed into fury the surface of a mountain stream that occupied the glen, and broke in thunder on the mass of foliage through which our travellers were with difficulty forcing their way.

The Colonel made a deep pause as he pointed out to Emily the singularly grand effect of the setting sun-beam on the towers of Kirton Priory, as they suddenly issued from the wood to rest their horses for a few minutes on the smooth level surface of a green knoll, that projected to some distance from the side of the hill. But the apprehensions of Emily were too great to be allayed, even momentarily, by any object, however striking or picturesque; for the sky had suddenly assumed a more threatening aspect, the tempest was augmenting in violence, and the rush of the swollen waters was

every instant becoming more audible and distinct on the ear. Even on the features of her father sate an expression of intense anxiety, as he gazed on the sanguine glare of the turret, contrasted as it was with the blackness of the wood from which it seemed to emerge, and the wild and lurid tinting of the atmosphere which spread as a screen beyond it. He felt it as an awful, and somewhat inauspicious introduction to his new domain, and after endeavouring, though with little success, to dissipate the fears of his companion, they resumed in silence their descent, cautiously tracing their road, which was narrow, winding, and sometimes nearly dark, from the trees which shadowed it, until they reached the foot of the hill, and began to cross a rude bridge of stone that overhung the chasm, through whose depths the torrent they had formerly heard now swept along, with a turbulence which the long continued rains had rendered truly appalling.

Beyond this mountain-pass, however, the country became less wild and rugged, the road, now comparatively good, pursuing the bank of the stream, and following its course through

extensive plantations of larch and fir, until, about a mile from the bridge, the valley suddenly expanding on either hand, presented towards the left, the dim outline of a gigantic avenue of aged oaks, whose lofty summits, agitated by the storm which still raged with unabated fury, sent forth a sound resembling the distant roar of the ocean. It was, indeed, fortunate for our travellers, that they had nearly reached their place of destination; for the shades of night were gathering fast, and it was with some difficulty that the servant who attended them could find the gate leading into the avenue. As soon as this had been effected, they proceeded slowly beneath the canopy of oaks, whose mighty arms conflicting with the tempest, seemed by the crash which was occasionally heard, to threaten the safety of the passenger beneath: while the wild solemnity of the scene was powerfully heightened by the partial glimpses of the moon, pouring through the transient openings which the storm was momentarily producing, and by fits illuminating the massy portal that distantly and obscurely appeared to close the path which they were traversing.

The commotion of the elements, the approach of night, and the awful though romantic aspect under which the few and insulated features of the building had been hitherto seen, were sufficient to impress on the most unimaginative mind a formidable idea of Kirton Priory; but on the warm and susceptible fancy of Emily, the effect was such, that, when, on reaching the portal, Robert, at the command of his master, had seized the ponderous knocker, and the sound was returned with deep and hollow reverberation, she almost expected to see some ghastly spectre, or some gloomy monster issue from its yawning mouth.

A few moments, however, dispelled her terror, for lights were evidently, though at some distance, traversing the interior; footsteps were heard approaching, and presently, the great door, moving heavily on its hinges, the servants of Colonel Burton, who had been sent down some weeks before to prepare for his reception, appeared in a groupe, as delighted to admit the Colonel and his daughter, as the former could possibly be to obtain shelter

from the storm, and the latter relief from her imaginary fears. By the lamps and cresset lights, with which each domestic came furnished, they could now perceive themselves entering beneath the arched gate-way of a lofty tower; and, after crossing a large quadrangular court, and ascending a flight of steps, they reached the principal porch, surmounted with shields of arms carved in stone, and opening into a handsome vaulted passage, on the right of which was the entrance into the great Hall. This they passed through, not without feelings of admiration, for the effect of the torch-light on its long galleries, and far-stretching roof, by involving their dimensions in indefinite *gloom*, while it threw a partial and fleeting, though intense glare on detached portions of its massive pillars, and oaken panels, served but to render the impression more singular and imposing: and it was not without some degree of tremor, that Emily stepped on to a door at the south-west corner of this hall, which now admitted our storm-beaten travellers into a comfortable room, on whose ample hearth-stone

blazed a cheerful fire piled high with faggots, and where a plentiful repast had been prepared for their refreshment.

It was thus that Colonel Burton took possession of his newly-acquired property, a man who had been very efficiently instrumental in building up the fortunes of the Protector, and who united many great with some very singular qualities of mind. He was about fifty years of age, tall and athletic in his person, with interesting and commanding features, but accompanied with an expression of thoughtfulness, and often of settled melancholy. Of a daring, generous, and enthusiastic spirit, he had early in life embraced the cause of the people, and, though he subsequently married a lady attached to the Royal cause, and both his son and daughter, the former of whom had borne arms for the King, and was now supposed to be in exile, had imbibed their mother's sentiments, he continued to support the republican party, till deceived, like most of his contemporaries, by the subtile and hypocritical genius of Cromwell, he had at length found himself so far entangled in

the meshes of that gloomy tyrant, as to feel any attempt at extrication equally hopeless and dangerous. Disappointed alike in the idol whom he had ignorantly worshipped, and in his ardent expectations of obtaining a republican form of government, which, in his mind, had been inseparably associated with the idea of rational liberty, he had hitherto refused, under feelings of abhorrence and disgust, any remuneration from the man who had thus defeated the darling object of his ambition. Suspicion, however, which in the breast of the usurper had been for some time hourly increasing, from the multiplying conspiracies, which surrounded him, now fixing itself on Colonel Burton, in consequence of his long-continued rejection of his munificence, he was at last induced to relax in his determination, and to accept the offer lately made to him of the Bellerdiston estate, of the former possessors of which he knew nothing more, than that they had been long obnoxious to the ruling powers.

The education of Colonel Burton had been liberal and classical, and he had imbibed not

only more than the usual taste for literature, but he had also acquired an inextinguishable love of books. These propensities, however, together with that most dangerous of all gifts, a warm and readily excited imagination, had, unfortunately, through the impulse of events and the credulity and fanaticism of the times, been directed into a wrong channel. Heated by the visionary politics of the puritans, connected as they were with a high degree of religious enthusiasm, and rendered gloomy and abstracted by their unhappy result, the temperament which, under more auspicious circumstances, had revelled and expatiated with creative energy in the loftiest regions of poetry and romance, became now a prey to impressions founded on mysticism and superstition, and an eager though apprehensive thirst for intercourse with the world unknown. To this disease, for so it may be termed, the erudition of the Colonel was continually adding fresh fuel by the sedulous perusal of every work that could furnish evidence or argument for spectral visitation or superhuman agency; a fascination which nothing but an ardent admiration of the beauties

of nature; and, above all, the most devoted attachment to his daughter, could, for any length of time, dissipate or suspend.

Emily merited and returned the affection of her father, whose assiduity in the cultivation of her mind and the regulation of her conduct and feelings, very usefully, and almost daily, abstracted him from his own eccentric speculations. She had lost her mother, a woman of high intellectual powers and accomplishments, when only twelve years old, a deprivation which, though in some respects irremediable, had been, as far as possible, supplied by her surviving parent; who, independent of every other consideration, felt it to be the most sacred of all obligations due to the memory of a beloved wife, to discharge to the utmost of his power those duties which, had Providence spared her life, would have been her highest pride and pleasure to have fulfilled. Aware too of his own weaknesses and prejudices, and fully sensible that the most difficult and delicate part of his undertaking originated in the necessity of concealing from her opening mind much of that peculiar cast of thought and study which had

so strongly influenced his conduct and contemplations, he was ever solicitous to leave her, in a religious and political point of view, free from the shackles of his own system. In this, as far as regarded the latter object, he was so successful, that all her partialities, whether arising from principle or mere sympathy, were in favour of the Royalists; but however guarded he conceived himself to be in relation to the mystical and superstitious tendency of his theological creed, he could not avoid frequently and unconsciously betraying the deep influence which it ever held over his feelings and opinions.

The effect of this discovery on the mind of Emily Burton was in a great degree corrected by the judicious course of reading which she had been taught to pursue; yet, notwithstanding the care her father took to counteract what he was sensible must every now and then escape his most vigilant caution, she had imbibed such a portion of his predilection for the awful and supernatural, as often threw an air of pensive enthusiasm over a countenance remarkable for the loveliness of its features and the sweetness

of its expression. Amiable, affectionate, and confiding, and highly gifted in her powers of receiving and applying instruction, she very naturally became the idol of the Colonel; and never did he partake more genuine or more heartfelt pleasure, than when, during their perusal of our best authors, he witnessed the raptures of fancy and emotion as they flashed from her full dark eye, or bathed her cheek in the silent but eloquent language of tears. Nor was she less than her father a worshipper of Nature in all her varied forms of beauty and sublimity; but though constitutionally lively and cheerful, circumstances had, in some degree, operated with her, as they had powerfully with him, in impressing a cherished partiality for that species of scenery which has been, perhaps not inaptly, characterised by the epithets wild, solemn, and romantic.

Such were the characters of those who now sate down in the supper-room of Kirton Priory, as the reluctant occupiers of its venerable walls and ample domains. The storm still continued to beat with unmitigated fury; and as the wind swept round the lofty turrets

of the mansion, and howled eagerly for entrance at its various portals and passages, Emily, involuntarily drawing near the fire, looked around her with a mingled emotion of surprise and apprehension. Every object, indeed, in this apartment claimed her attention, from the air of antiquity with which it was clothed; presenting her, in fact, with the rich and impressive costume of the days of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth; for though the greater part of the Priory had been built as early as the reign of Henry the Third, and successively re-modelled, its interior had been last repaired and decorated about the year 1560, by the grandfather of the present Sir Gregory Bellerdiston, and had ever since remained nearly in the state in which he left it. Arras, representing landscapes and figures, covered the sides of the room; while a huge candelabra, exhibiting a man in burnished armour, with his hands extended, and holding two massy tapers, was placed near the upper end of the table, and diffused a strong and steady light. A table of dark and highly polished oak, and resting on tressels, occupied the centre, and chairs of the same ponderous ma-

terial, with triangular seats and perpendicular backs, on which were splendidly emblazoned the arms of the Bellerdistons, formed its appropriate accompaniment. Her imagination was excited by this reminiscence of times long gone by; but, whether from the circumstances immediately preceding her arrival, or from the anxiety necessarily occasioned by a sudden removal from accustomed scenes, she felt her spirits more than usually oppressed. A fearful gloom seemed to envelope all things, a sensation which was not a little enhanced by observing the once cheerful faces of her father's domestics overspread with a strong expression of dread and awe. She endeavoured, however, to counteract, as much as possible, what might only be the suggestion of unfounded timidity; and presently assuming a look of satisfaction, bordering on gaiety, expressed the pleasure which she felt at being thus securely sheltered from the violence of the storm, and even ventured to congratulate the Colonel on his taking possession of the Priory.

"My dearest Emily," he replied, "you

well know how averse I have hitherto been to place myself under any material obligation to the man who has so completely disappointed my expectations; and even now, when compelled by circumstances to accept his bounty, it is, I think, highly probable, from all I have been able to learn, that I have dispossessed a man greatly more worthy and deserving than myself; one whose claim on these estates is of the growth of ages, and whose only crime has been an unswerving attachment to a monarch, who, with all his political faults, figures now in my estimation, when compared with the dissembling tyrant who has supplanted him, as Hyperion to a satyr. Yet the time may come when it shall be in my power to redress the wrongs of which I am at present an unwilling instrument. But you seem greatly fatigued, my love; this long day's journey, and the war of the elements, have been too much for your strength. Let us now, therefore, having finished our repast, retire to rest; and in the morning we will, at our leisure, take a survey of this noble mansion, which promises, from its antiquity, and the,

style in which it has been furnished, to afford us, who are partial to the features of the days of old, a peculiar source of gratification."

Emily immediately rose, and, confessing that her looks but too well depicted the state of her feelings, the Colonel rang for attendants; when, having summoned her maid, she affectionately pressed her father's hand, and, after enquiring with a smile, if their rooms had been chosen according to her wishes, she bade him good night; and, preceded by the servant with a lamp, retraced a part of the hall which, through a passage nearly opposite to its door of entrance, conducted to the great staircase. This, from its vast width, and from the huge and rudely-jointed blocks of stone of which it was constructed, excited fresh awe in the mind of Emily, not a little enhanced by the partial gleaming of the lamp, and by the contrast which the slender form of Agnes, as she glided before her mistress, bore to the ponderous materials over which she was moving with a kind of noiseless stealth.

On reaching the top of this ascent were seen on each side five semicircular steps, surmounted

by heavy doors, when Agnes with some difficulty pushing open that on the left hand, there appeared before them a gallery of prodigious length, whose ample dimensions were rendered duskily visible by a glow of ruddy light at its further end, and which seemed to issue from the half-closed entrance of a side-room on the left. A sensation of mingled fear and surprise arrested the footsteps of Emily, and she turned to her companion, who stood trembling by her, to enquire why a situation so singular and remote, should have been selected for her chamber. "It was owing, Madam," replied the domestic, "to the Colonel's order, that, if possible, two rooms connected with each other, should be prepared for his and your reception, and these are the only ones of that description in the house." Re-assured by this explanation, she hastily passed forward; and on entering her room found a fire burning brightly on the hearth, and lighting a taper on the table, was about to dismiss the servant, with a request to her father that he would not be long in coming up stairs, when she perceived her turn pale, and on enquiring into the cause, was told, with

some hesitation, that she was afraid of returning alone, and, with her mistress's permission, would wait until Robert came with his master. This led Emily, of course, to ask what had occasioned her apprehensions, more especially as she had never known her particularly prone to superstition. "Oh, ma'am!" she replied, "such strange sounds have been heard in this old place, such things seen, and such horrible tales circulated in the neighbourhood concerning some of its former inhabitants, that we are really all afraid to move about it after sun-set; it was but last night, ma'am," — at this moment footsteps were distinctly heard traversing the other end of the gallery, and presently Robert and his master making their appearance, the two servants gladly availed themselves of each others' society in the formidable task of effecting their return.

Mean time the Colonel, having taken a glance at the arrangements of his own apartment, now stepped into his daughter's, and found her earnestly engaged in surveying its curious and time-worn decorations. It was hung with loose arras, the bedstead of carved

oak had blue furniture, and the chairs displayed a raised needle-work of rich colours on a black velvet ground. Here were also a toilet of silver tissue, though much tarnished, curtains of painted cloth which hung before the window of a deep recess, and over the chimney-piece, a bass-relief in plaster of the death of Adonis. The room adjoining, which opened both into this, and into the gallery, was likewise clothed in arras, but its furniture was of deep crimson, and it was ornamented with a massive frieze and cornice, embossed in successive compartments with crests of the various collateral branches of the family of its late possessors. All whispered of times long since passed; and it was not without a sensation of pleasure, mingled with feelings of a very solemn cast, that Colonel Burton and his daughter, as they sate by the fire for a few minutes previous to their separation for the night, beheld these vestiges of former grandeur.

The storm which had so long agitated the atmosphere, was now subsiding; but occasionally, gusts of wind still rocked the towers of

Kirton Priory, sighed along its numerous passages, and, as is usual in old buildings, penetrating through chinks which time had made, often shook the very tapestry which covered its walls; circumstances that instantly reminded Emily of Agnes and her fears, and she immediately mentioned to her father what that poor girl had been relating. An expression indescribably wild and peculiar, for a moment passed over the features of the Colonel, and his eyes glanced with a keen and hurried emotion round the chamber; but, presently recollecting himself, his countenance assumed, though apparently not without considerable effort, its usual interesting tone of thoughtful sweetness; and, taking his daughter affectionately by the hand, he addressed her in the following terms. "It is not but with much uneasiness, my dearest Emily, that I have for some time past observed you to be more pensive and abstracted than formerly, and your imagination, warm and easily excited, has appeared to me more than usually occupied on subjects of an awful and visionary cast. The fearful nature of the times

nay, in some measure, account for this tendency, but you have now superadded a place of residence, which, from its antiquity, its great size, and lonely situation, seems peculiarly calculated to afford nourishment to such abstractions. I well know that you possess a strong and correct mind, and I have, therefore, only to remark, in order to place you on your guard, that it is highly probable, from the circumstances under which we took possession of this estate, that many dismal stories may be propagated concerning it, by the discarded retainers to the former proprietors, with the view of rendering our abode here irksome and intolerable. These we shall be prepared to meet; and, setting aside the influence which they must, for a time, necessarily exert over the minds of our domestics, this noble mansion will not, I trust, in our hands, become either desolate or gloomy. Resume, then, my Emily, your wonted occupations; let your smiles again cheer the heart of your father; and may your appearance in the morning prove, that the slumbers of the night have not been disturbed by these

designing fabrications. The machinations of man we should despise; and, whatever intercourse may be permitted between this and another world, you may be certain, my beloved girl, that innocence is one of its most especial objects; that He who watches over us whether waking or asleep, will not, but for wise and good purposes, allow one being to break loose upon another; and, provided we repose our confidence in him, we may rest assured, that, in the language of our favourite poet, 'angels and ministers of grace will defend us.'"

Having said this, and bade her affectionately a good night, the Colonel passed into his own room, closing the door, and dropping the tapestry over it, whilst Emily, at peace within herself, and imploring the protection of Him without whose aid no human being is secure, soon experienced that refreshment which tired nature requires.

A morning unusually clear and bright succeeded the tempest, and Emily, springing cheerfully from her bed, was delighted to find, that her window, which formed a large

bow in the recess, looked upon a well-cultivated garden, rich in verdure, walks, fountains, terraces, and groves, and beyond appeared an extensive park, containing many fine groupes of luxuriant old trees. Anxious to reach a scene so truly inviting, and over which the sun had just poured his exhilarating light, she hastily dressed, and was speedily joined by her father, who seemed not less eager than herself to take advantage of the beauty of the morning. Their admiration, however, was previously diverted to another object; for no sooner had they re-entered the gallery, of which they had obtained but a very partial glimpse the night before, than they were instantly struck with its magnificence and magnificence. It extended in length not less than one hundred and thirty feet, occupying the south front, and was thirty in width; its flooring was of oaken plank grown black by age, and the wainscotting of the same material, but curiously carved in panneels, and surmounted by a frieze, ornamented with the arms of the Bellerdistons, beautifully executed in colours on a raised ground. It was lighted

by six lofty windows on the south side, fixed in deep square recesses, and projecting beyond the wall, and was decorated by several whole-length portraits of illustrious characters, among which were those of Elizabeth, James, and Charles the First.

On reaching the grand stair-case, Emily expressed a wish to open the door whose semicircular steps fronted those they were now descending. It admitted them into a room of very lofty dimensions, and which they afterwards learnt was called the Abbot's chamber. Tapestry of the richest colours clothed half its height, and above, the walls were painted with historical groupes. Chairs of green velvet and gold were its furniture, and at the further end, fronting the entrance, there appeared, after lifting up the tapestry for which iron hooks lay ready, a small passage which, turning to the right, led directly into the western gallery of the hall; a contrivance by which any of the family could ascertain what was passing below, after the lord of the mansion and his principal guests had risen from the table; for here it was that Sir

Gregory and his predecessors had often used to feast the whole neighbourhood.

Into this hall now descended the Colonel and his daughter, and, passing forwards to its entrance, turned round to survey its ample circuit. A gallery supported on pillars ranged along its eastern and western sides, under the latter of which were three large transom windows filled with stained glass. An *orsille* or high table of oak, with its upper end elevated and resting on a raised floor, was extended nearly its whole length from north to south, and over a massy arm-chair of elaborate workmanship, placed at its head, hung a pair of gigantic stag's horns, accompanied by many of the insignia of rural diversions; whilst from the cornice depended, in more dread array, corslets, helmets, pikes, and bucklers.

Turning from this scene, which exhibited so many indications of the social and festive manners of the days of old, they now entered the vaulted passage or entry from the great western porch, and pursuing its course to the right, crossed the upper court or quadrangle,

and, passing under the apartments where they had slept the preceding night, and through the eastern porch or gateway, the gardens which Emily had beheld from her window, were before them. These, though remaining for the most part as they were laid out in the reign of Elizabeth, presented many beauties, natural and artifical, to their new possessors, who began to explore them with all that keen enjoyment which an enthusiastic taste for the art, the novelty of the objects, and the splendour of the morning could afford. Emily felt, indeed, all that weight upon her spirits, which the circumstances of the preceding evening had occasioned, dissipating fast from the influence of the cheerful scene before her. Nothing, in fact, could be more exhilarating; the air was balmy and refreshing, the character of the season was defined in all its beauty, the foliage had assumed its richest garb, and the water sparkled in the sun-beams. A contrast also of the most pleasing kind existed between the different parts of these grounds; here you beheld terraces mounting one above another with

stone balustrades, columns, statues, and pyramids of marble, fountains, a jet d'eau, and all the formality of topiary-work; in another part were seen the fantastic but more interesting assemblage of groves, ornamented with trellis-work, bowers, grottoes, and labyrinths; and lastly, the delightful and natural combination of garden, forest, field, and orchard; where, after passing beneath fruit-trees scattered in every direction, you suddenly come upon a lovely green, open to a considerable distance, then deviating into thicket and wilderness embrowned with oaks, the ground richly studded with wild flowers, and watered by a rapid stream, which ran gurgling, and sometimes struggling in momentary uproar, through its devious course.

From fascinations such as these it was difficult to withdraw, and it was not until after the hour for breakfast had long gone by, that they were summoned to this meal by a servant. Their exercise and the lovely aspect of nature had given fresh bloom to the cheeks of Emily, and fresh vigour to the spirits of her father: and they sate down to their repast with lightened hearts and more pleasing anticipations;

highly gratified with what they had seen, and prepared with still keener relish to prosecute their domestic tour.

Whilst thus occupied in the room which had received them the preceding night, Jerome, the Colonel's old butler, entered with a look of much gravity and importance, and, craving pardon for his intrusion, begged leave to offer his services in conducting his honour round the house; observing, that it was so large, and contained so many strange and out of the way places, that he was sure without some assistance, he would be bewildered in his search, and miss many of its curiosities; adding, that although he had been there better than a month, he was still perpetually finding out some odd corner or another, of which he had never dreamt; and concluding with the information, that he had lighted a large fire in the library, thinking his honour would like to retire there by-and-by. "Library," exclaimed the Colonel; "what, are there any books here, Jerome?"—"Lord love your honour, you may kick 'em about from one end of the place to the other; for though you big-room is half filled

with them, it was but the other day that I lighted upon a nest of the same gentry in one of the queerest holes I ever set my eyes on." "Show me to the library, Jerome," cried the Colonel, with no small impatience. "Please your honour," replied the honest butler, "if I might give my opinion, you had better go over the other parts of the house first; for," added he, with a significant look, "if your honour once gets into the library, my young mistress here may have to wait, mayhap, a long time before your honour comes out again." The Colonel, who allowed to the grey hairs of old Jerome a privilege which no other servant durst assume, smiled in good humour at the remark; and admitting that there might possibly be some cause for his apprehension, told him that they would place themselves under his guidance, and desired him to proceed. Thus regularly installed in his office, and putting on a look of more than usual importance, the venerable old man conducted his revered master and mistress immediately into the passage leading from the great porch, where, nearly opposite the entrance into the hall, appeared four large door-

ways with pointed stone arches. "These, your honour, will take us to some of the greatest wonders, I think, in the whole house," said Jerome, as they entered beneath one of the arches, which speedily led them into a prodigious large kitchen, the walls of which could not be less, from the appearance of their depth to the windows, than nine feet thick. Here were two fire-places at each end, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the kitchen, with irons for an immense number of spits; stoves of vast size, double ranges of dressers, and an enormous chopping-block, on which an ox might lie with ease.

"We have here," remarked the Colonel to his daughter, "a most striking proof both of the hospitality of our ancestors, and of that of my immediate predecessor; for I plainly perceive, that this stupendous apparatus has not been long out of employment." — "O! it would do your heart good, Sir," said Jerome, who, though somewhat tinctured with the puritanism of the times, still retained a strong relish for the festivities of former days; "it would do your heart good to hear the stories the neighbour-

hood tells of the doings here in Sir Gregory's time — of the good old English welcome that cheered every one who sought his gates." — "I can well believe it, Jerome, from what I see around me; and this I will say, not only in your hearing, but in that of your fellow-servants (who had now crowded round their master to the number of nearly twenty), that, though not possessing the extent of means which Sir Gregory once enjoyed, I yet trust to see Kirton Priory, desolate as it may now appear, again brightening with the smiles of mirth and plenty;" a declaration which afforded a peculiar and even unexpected pleasure to the heart of Emily, as indicating on the part of her father a resumption of that cheerfulness which had in early life been his characteristic, and which was received by his household, not only with the most hearty expression of joy and good-will, but with three cheers that shook the old mansion and its time-worn turrets to their very foundation.

They now proceeded to explore the other vaulted passages, of which the next led to the buttery, including a larder, ample enough to hold provisions for a besieged town, and a

dairy of not inferior dimensions. The third introduced them to a wine-cellar, which somewhat resembled the crypt or cloistor of a cathedral, and contained, as Jerome assured his master, a plentiful stock of the very best vintages; and the fourth conducted to ranges of small apartments, intended for servants and retainers, so numerous as to induce the Colonel to enquire if Jerome knew what had been Sir Gregory's establishment. "Many of his domestics, your honour, are still wandering about the country," replied the butler; "often have they come hither of an evening to take a peep at the Priory, and with the hope of picking up some news of their old master; and from them I have heard that threescore servants was the number usually kept here, and that at Christmas, and for twelve days after, a board was spread for all, where revelry, mumming, and masquerading, were to be found at full of night and break of day."

Leaving these extraordinary and substantial proofs of what had been the hospitality of Kirton Priory, Jerome now ushered the Colonel and his daughter into the withdrawing-room and

family dining-room, the hall being used only on festivals and public occasions. These occupied more than three-fourths of the ground-floor of the left and north side of the upper quadrangle, as you passed through it from the hall, each extending fifty feet by thirty; the latter was wainscotted to a considerable height, and hung above with tapestry. Here they had the melancholy gratification of contemplating a few family pictures, the remnant of many which had once covered the walls, and readily recognised the pencils of Hans Holbein and Nicholas Hilliard, together with two or three portraits of a later date by Vandyke. Here also, over the chimney-piece of the dining-room, hung an exquisite half-length of Lady Jane Grey, in the act of reading an illuminated missal, and with a countenance at once expressive of the utmost [illegible] sweetness, and resignation.

"We will now, with your leave, Jerome," exclaimed the Colonel, "visit the library." "Please your honour, not just yet: I must first show you the chapel, and the earlier the better; for such are the fearful reports concerning its

that I am sure neither I nor any of my fellow-servants dare venture into it after dusk." "Why, I thought, Jerome, you had possessed more sense than to listen to such idle tales." "And so I should, your honour, although every one has a tale to tell that comes to the house, if it had not been for the evidence of my own senses; for I have heard such dismal sounds, and seen such strange lights whisking along through the windows of that old chapel, that I begin to think there is something in it more than there should be." Whilst thus conversing, they had passed the porch, and reached the south-west angle of the great court, where, under a sharp-pointed arch, appeared a lateral entrance into this dreaded chapel. It was not large, yet consisted of a nave and two side aisles, in the beautifully ornamented Gothic style of the reign of Henry the Sixth; with windows branching with the most delicate tracery, and filled with the richest stained glass. Near the altar, curiously executed in stone, and surmounted by lofty pinnacles, were a niche and a basin for holy water; and at the western end stood an ancient stone font, beyond and above

which was an elegant organ, apparently of recent construction. Here also were some highly decorated monuments in memory of several distinguished members of the Bellerdiston family; one or two of which were the composition of that celebrated sculptor of the Elizabethan age, Richard Stephens.

With this scene both Colonel Burton and his daughter were equally gratified; its appearance, indeed, was such as to excite in any mind of taste and feeling, a more than common sensation of devotional awe. The dim religious light which for ever dwelt there; the airy structure of the pointed arches, and of the reeded pillars: the crisped beauty of their foliaged capitals; the magnificence of the fretted roof, which hung over them like a veil of the finest embroidery, and the richness of the dark yet varied marble on which they trod, all united in impressing a very high degree of admiration; and Emily could not avoid whispering to her father that, notwithstanding Jerome's alarming reports, this would be to her a favourite place of resort.

Reluctantly did they quit this interesting spot,

the Colonel declaring his resolution of immediately giving up the *Directory* of the Commonwealth, and resuming in this beautiful old chapel the sublime *Liturgy* of the church of his fathers; an intimation which was peculiarly welcome to the heart of Emily, and she inwardly blessed the hour of her arrival beneath the towers of Kirton Priory.

Returning now into the great court for the purpose of regaining the porch, the Colonel very naturally enquired if there was no way to the chapel but by thus passing into the open air? To this Jerome replied, "that in consequence of the singular alarms to which he had alluded, having generally been traced to this southern side of the court, no attempt had been made to find one; but that he had no doubt, from what he had remarked concerning the course which the momentary lights, seen by him and his fellow-servants, had taken, that such an one was to be found, if sought for." Entirely acquiescing in the sagacity of this conclusion, the Colonel re-entered the hall, when Jerome, crossing to the left of the grand staircase, opened

a door corresponding with that in the south-western angle, and admitting them into a room of similar size, but impannelled in Gothic compartments of stucco-work, with a lancet-shaped window in front, and with a lofty pointed arched door-way on each side, of which that on the left being thrown open, disclosed the library, a vista of not less than ninety feet, ranging under the long gallery, and occupying therefore a great part of the south floor of the upper quadrangle. It was constructed in such a manner as to resemble the *Scriptorium* of a convent; having three pillars on each side attached to the walls, from which sprang a beautifully light groined-roof of stone-work. Presses, of dark oak, richly carved, occupied the whole length next the court or quadrangle; whilst the opposite part looking into the gardens, exhibited four delicately ramified windows filled with stained glass. A chimney-piece, also, of the whitest marble, executed in the florid Gothic style, and with ornaments tapering and ascending to the very roof, was a conspicuous object at the eastern extremity of the room; its various

branchings and exquisitely slender decorations glittering like wreaths of snow on the screen of ebony-like oak which formed its back-ground.

Exclamations of rapture issued from the lips of Colonel Barton, as he surveyed this interesting scene. "This is, indeed, my love," he said, addressing his daughter, "a truly fascinating prospect; and Jerome, whom we will now dismiss to his more important duties, formed, I confess, no inaccurate estimate of my propensities, when he concluded that its temptations might be so strong as to rivet, for a time, his master to the spot." On this intimation the old man respectfully withdrew, and the Colonel immediately commenced an inspection of the contents of the book presses, whilst Emily, after having stood for some minutes absorbed in thought, could not at length, from a sense of commiseration for the former inhabitants of this noble mansion, avoid breaking in upon his pursuit. "Alas!" said she, "how much do I pity the Bellerdistons! Look, my father," pointing to a table which stood near the fire, "how every thing indicates the extreme suddenness of their departure!"

The room, in fact, with the exception of having been partially aired for the two preceding days, was precisely in the state in which it had been left by the late family. Books and papers lay scattered about, and, among these, Emily had fixed her eyes, with no small emotion, on a written fragment, signed "Jane Bellerdiston," and which attempted to paint, whilst evidently the tears of the writer had accompanied the endeavour, the distress to which herself, her father, and brother, had been reduced by the confiscation of their property, and the yet greater anguish which they had felt in being suddenly and mercilessly driven from the halls of their ancestors. The composition, apparently part of a letter, was artless, yet eloquent, and was once more bathed with tears warm from the heart.

"My dear girl," said the Colonel, after having glanced his eye over the paper, "I applaud your generous feelings, and compassionate from my soul the sufferings of which we have been ignorantly and unfortunately rendered the instruments. I am now, also, prepared still further to sympathise in the misfortunes of Sir Gregory, from the cursory examination which

I have made of this noble collection of books. It has evidently been acquired at a great expense, and selected with much taste; and from the remarks which I have already found with the signature of Sir Gregory, in the few volumes I have had time to open, I can easily conceive with what sorrow he must have torn himself away from this beloved treasure. In the meantime, my Emily, we will consider ourselves as the guardians of his property; and if the spirit of party animosity, so prevalent in these disastrous days, be considered, Sir Gregory could not be more fortunate than in having us as the temporary occupiers of his house and grounds. Dissipate, therefore, every uneasy reflection, my love, and assist me in the examination of these precious volumes; for there are many, I perceive, not less accordant with your taste than with my own.

(*To be continued.*)

No. III.

O King! ——
Henceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows, yield.

SPENSER.

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

HADLEIGH, in Suffolk, the spot whence these lucubrations are dated, is a town of considerable antiquity, and remarkable, also, as being the burial-place of *Guthrun the Dane*, and the scene of the *Martyrdom of Rowland Taylor*.

It is my intention, therefore, after quoting a few documents which may be acceptable to the antiquary, in support of the pretensions of Hadleigh to an early era of existence, to record a few circumstances relative to the great characters just mentioned, and to pay

to their memory that tribute which the efforts of my muse may be competent to supply.

One of the earliest testimonies to the antiquity of this town, occurs in the *Monasticon* of Dugdale, who tells us, that "Elfleda, sciente et consentiente Ethelredo Rege, dedit A. D. 835, Hadleghe Cantuar' Ecclesiæ Christi." *

It appears, however, from a passage in another work of the same antiquary, that this gift did not take place until after the death of Elfleda; for he there says, that "Brithnoth, the second Earl of Essex before the Conquest, A. D. 991, gave Hetlege, after the death of Elfleda his wife, to Christ Church in Canterbury, which grant was confirmed by the same lady." †

A more minute account of this donation has been given us in the Manuscript Collections of Brian Twyne, the author of "Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis Apologia;" and I extract the passage from a Manuscript "Account

* Monast. Anglic, vol. i. p. xx

† Baronetage, vol. i. 16.

of the Church and Town of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, written by David Wilkins, D. D., Rector of that Parish, 1721"

"Dux Brithnotus iturus contra Paganos ad bellum, consentiente Rege Ethelredo presente Sirico Archiepo: Doroberniæ dedit Ecclesiæ Salvatoris in Civitate Doroberniæ has terras *Langly* et *Illegh*, et HADLEGH liberas sicut Adisham. HADELEGH tamen concessit Elflede Uxori suæ antea pro diebus suis, et post redeat ad Eccles. Christi Dorobern. Et postea eadem Elfleda dedit eidem Ecclesiæ eandem Villam juris sui nomine HADELEGH consedente et consentiente prædict: Rege Ethelredo libere sicut Adisham." *

The antiquity of Hadleigh, which, in the Archbishop's registers at Lambeth, is severally written *Hadlegh*, *Hadley*, *Haddely*, *Hadleighe*, and *Hadelegh*, is officially acknowledged in the Charter of Incorporation granted to this town in the reign of James I. where it is termed "*Villa antiqua* et populosa."

* Ex Cartaceo MS. per Brian Twyne in Bibl. C. C. C. Oxon.

In a scarce little work, also, entitled "COROLLA VARIA," written by *William Hawkins*, Curate and Schoolmaster of this place, and published at Cambridge in 1634, occur the following lines, including a curious anagram on the name of Hadleigh, and bearing a similar testimony to its claims of early origin. From the termination of the last line, they seem to have been composed shortly after the town had acquired the honour of being governed by a mayor, aldermen, and common council; a privilege, however, which, in consequence of a *quo warranto* being brought against the corporation, was surrendered during the reign of James II.

In Sudovolgorum Brettus quos alluit, agris
Præturam, fasces, lictores nuper adepta
(Ordine Cancrorum nomen gerit ELDA retorto)
VILLA ANTIQUA, *novo jam Burgi turget honore.*
MUSÆ VIRGIFERÆ, p. i. *

* This very rare volume, to which I have alluded in my "Shakspeare and his Times," vol. i. p. 141. has three title-pages; and, as probably not more than two or three copies are in existence, and the work is, in many respects, valuable both to the topographer and poetical antiquary, a transcript of these title-pages may not prove unacceptable:—

I cannot conclude these brief but somewhat interesting notices concerning the antiquity

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First Title-page.

Corolla Variæ. Funeream: Lætum: Querelum: Hospes:
Virgula: Leges. Contexta per Guil: Hawkinũ
Scholarchã Hadleianã in agro Suffolciensi.

——— juvat petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarũt tempora Musæ.

Lucretr.

Cantabrigiæ apud Tho. Buck, 1634,
Venundatur autem Londini apud Rob.
Milbourn in Cæmiterio Paulino.

Second Title-page.

Eclogæ Tres
Virgilianæ
declinatæ

Tityrus, Pollio, Gallus, } ad { Postfugium, Postliminium, Fæstidium.

Third Title-page.

Nisus
Verberans
Et
Vapulatis
Decantatus
per
Musas { Virgiferas. Juridicas
Intensi labor.

Hawkins was an English, as well as a Latin poet, and published, in 1626, a lyrical drama under the title of "Apollo

of Hadleigh, without mentioning two circumstances, recorded by Fox the Martyrologist, which reflect great and singular credit on the piety and literary acquirements of its former inhabitants. He tells us in his "Acts and Monuments," that "the town of Hadley was one of the first that received the Word of God in all England, at the preaching of Master Thomas Bilney;" and he subsequently remarks that "the whole town seemed rather an university of the learned, than a town of cloth-making or labouring people." *

Let us now turn our attention to the friend and disciple of our immortal Alfred.

Shroving," and to which, in the opinion of Mr. Todd, Milton may have been indebted, when, describing Eve visiting her fruits and flowers, he says "they at her coming sprang." The passage thus honoured, and which personifies Pleasure in a striking and picturesque manner, is as follows:

The clouds doe from her presence flye,
'Tis sunshine where she casts her eye;
Where'e she treads on earth below,
A rose or lilly up doth grow.
Her breath a gale of spices brings;
Mute are the Muses when she sings.

Todd's *Milton*, vol. iii. p. 423.

* Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs, folio, vol. iii. p. 137, edition of 1684.

Guthrun, *Guthrum*, or *Gormo*, the Dane, was one of those chieftains or sea-kings, who, towards the close of the ninth century, issuing from the heart of Scandinavia, carried all the horrors of the most savage warfare throughout the coasts, and even the interior of England.

Educated in the religion of Odin, the acknowledged God of slaughter and desolation, these fierce warriors conceived themselves alone entitled to happiness in another world, in proportion to the violence of their own death, and the number of the enemy whom they had slain on the field of battle.

As in their ferocity, therefore, was founded their sense of virtue, and their hope of immortality, we cannot wonder at the cruelties which marked their course. "The cruel Guthrum," says one of our oldest historians, "arrived in England, A. D. 878, at the head of an army of pagan Danes, no less cruel than himself, who, like inhuman savages, destroyed all before them with fire and sword, involving cities, towns, and villages, with their inhabitants, in devouring flames; and

cutting those in pieces with their battle-axes who attempted to escape from their burning houses. The tears, cries, and lamentations of men, women, and children, made no impressions on their unrelenting hearts; even the most tempting bribes, and the humblest offers of becoming their slaves, had no effect. All the towns through which they passed exhibited the most deplorable scenes of misery and desolation; as venerable old men lying with their throats cut before their own doors; the streets covered with the bodies of young men and children, without heads, legs, or arms; and of matrons and virgins, who had been first publicly dishonoured, and then put to death." *

It was into the camp of this ferocious leader of piratical invasion, that our patriot king, the unrivalled Alfred, was introduced, in the disguise of a harper; a stratagem which, enabling him to detect the insecurity of his foes,

* T. Walsingford, apud Gale, tom. i. p. 536.

and their want of discipline, led, very shortly afterwards, to their complete defeat at Eddington, in Wiltshire.

With Alfred, the first result of victory was clemency and benevolence. To Guthrun and his followers, now prostrate at his feet, he proffered not only mercy and forgiveness, but protection and territory, provided they would abandon Paganism, embrace Christianity, and be regulated by the laws of civilised society.

To these terms Guthrun joyfully, and, as the event proved, sincerely acceded; himself and thirty of his officers being immediately baptized in the presence of Alfred. Part of his army was sent into Northumberland, and the remainder, with their chief and his retinue, settled in East Anglia, Guthrun fixing on the seite of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, as a central situation for his capital, or heapb-hege. *

* From this Saxon term *head-liege*, appears to have been derived the modern name of *Hadleigh*. Vide Warner's *Ancient Monuments*.

Mr. Rob. Ryce, as quoted by Dr. Wilkins, says, "Guthrun kept his court at this Head town, which was called Head-leage, now Hadleigh, where he lieth interred. MS. Account, p. 53.

Here he continued to reside and reign nearly eleven years, inviolably observing the laws and the religion of Alfred, and preserving his own people within the strictest bounds of peace and good order. No stronger proof, indeed, can be given of the integrity and fidelity of Guthrun, than that no sooner had he ceased to govern, than the Danes of East Anglia showed signs of turbulence and disaffection, and took the earliest opportunity of co-operating with their countryman Hastings, in his invasion of England, A. D. 893.

Guthrun died, according to the testimony of history, a sincere convert to Christianity, about the year 889, and was buried within the ground now occupied by the present church of Hadleigh. An ornamental Gothic arch, in the wall of the south aisle, is said to mark the grave where this celebrated warrior rests. It is evidently, however, of a date some centuries posterior to the age of him over whom it is placed, and was probably designed merely to rescue from oblivion the traditionary spot of his interment.

In consequence of some repairs which, in 1767, were carried on in this church, termed in the will of Dr. Pykenham, rector of Hadleigh in the reign of Henry the Seventh, *Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ*, the supposed tomb of Guthrun was opened; when, deep beneath the surface, was discovered a massy grave of stone, the floor of which was tesselated with small square glazed tiles, and covered with some light blue ashes; circumstances which seem to corroborate the record, and the local appropriation of antiquity. *

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* Spelman, in his Life of Alfred, informs us, that "Guthrumnus *Headlegæ* (Hadleigh hodie in Suffolcia), ubi baptismum ejus erat, obiit, ibique sepultus est." Folio edition, p. 39.

"Antiquaries," says the writer of the Description of England and Wales, speaking of Hadleigh Church, "are said to have a great respect for this structure, on account of its having the burial-place of Guthrun or Gormo, a king of Denmark, who, being overcome in battle by King Alfred, was by his persuasion baptized, and afterwards obtained the government of the country of the East Angles, over which he reigned twelve years, and, dying in the year 889, was interred in this church."

Vide Parsons's Monuments and Painted Glass, 4to. 1794, p. 475.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF

GUTHRUN THE DANE,

In St. Mary's Church, Hadleigh.

O STAY thee, stranger; o'er this hallow'd ground
In solemn silence pause! Here sleeps the chief,
Whom Royal Alfred, with a Christian's zeal,
From deeds of savage slaughter, from the rites
Of Odin, bath'd in blood and breathing war,
Turn'd to the living God — GUTHRUN THE DANE.

Here oft, repentant of the erring course
That stain'd his dawn of manhood, hath he bow'd
His head in meekness; with a pilgrim's faith
Abjur'd the idols of his native land;
Pray'd for redeeming grace; and, sighing deep,
Dropp'd the lone tear upon his Saviour's cross:
Then, hence retiring, with a patriot's care,
Rul'd his brief realm, and kept his vow of peace.

O ye, who, mid the strife of battle, burn
With lust of fame or pow'r! Say, have ye felt,
E'en in the glow of conquest, when the car
In triumph bore you o'er the tented field,
Felt ye a throb of joy so keenly sweet,

Such thrilling rapture as did Guthrun feel,
When, free from ruthless rage and thirst of blood,
The storm of vengeful passion lull'd to rest,
Here, prostrate at St. Mary's shrine, he felt
His heart within him yearning for his God.

Go, stranger, if perchance to thee belong
The honoured name of father, teach thy sons,
That not in deeds of rapine or of spoil,
Power's forceful arm, or victʼry's crimson steel,
Consists the virtue or the good of man;
That He, who bade them breathe and live, alone
Looks on the heart, alone vouchsafes to dwell
In that pure bosom, where, with Peace, reside
The sister-forms of Piety and Love.

No. IV.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains!

Walter Scott.

Of those who have, in modern times, perished prematurely in the full exercise of great and splendid talents, perhaps no individual merits more of our regret than the late *Dr. John Leyden*; and this too whether his moral or his intellectual character be the subject of consideration. Yet, however highly the extent and variety of his acquisitions in Oriental Literature may have been estimated abroad, it is somewhat remarkable that at home the noblest production of his poetical powers, and that by which

he will be best known to posterity, has been hitherto not only neglected, but, with one or two exceptions, condemned as a work of mediocrity; as possessing, in fact, little which can put in an adequate claim to the attributes of originality and taste — I allude to his "*Scenes of Infancy*," a poem first printed immediately after his departure for India in 1803, and which has just now re-appeared in a valuable collected edition of his "Poetical Remains;"* a publication which, notwithstanding the high testimony it bears to his poetical genius from the best judges of the eastern world, has, I am sorry to say, with regard to the poem in question, again called forth a similar style of depreciatory criticism; and this, moreover, in the metropolis of his native country, and in a periodical work, which, for its general display of talent, taste, and spirit, is surpassed by none.

It shall, therefore, be the purport of this Paper, after making a few prefatory remarks on the circumstances which contributed to mould

* Vide Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. v. p. 1.

the character and sentiments of Dr. Leyden, to produce from the four parts of which the "Scenes of Infancy" consist, such extracts as shall, with every impartial reader of judgment and feeling, unequivocally establish the pretensions of its author to a high rank among the poets of his country.

Three of the most prominent features in the character of Dr. Leyden, — his enthusiastic attachment to the scenes of his youth, his unaffected piety, and his love of the wild and the marvellous, were the result of associations which awaited him from his earliest infancy. Though born in a lonely cottage, and the son of a shepherd, he enjoyed advantages both physical and moral of no common kind; he was familiar from his birth with scenery of the most beautiful and impressive nature; and, though surrounded by peasants, these had a degree of education, intelligence, and good sense, which, at that period, and in that rank of society, it was hopeless to find united under any other roof than that of a native of Scotland.

The family, independent of six children, of whom our poet was the eldest, consisted of John

and Isabella Leyden, their parents; of Andrew Blythe, Mrs. Leyden's uncle, and whose farm her husband tended; and of Mr. Leyden's mother, an aged widow: and their cottage near the banks of the Teviot, of the simplest construction, "was situated," relates Mr. Morton, "in a wild pastoral spot, near the foot of Rubberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life." *

That from such society and such scenery, which he enjoyed for fifteen years, without any other interruption than what arose from the school engagements of the neighbouring village,

* "The Poetical Remains of the late Dr. John Leyden, with Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. James Morton."

our young bard should have imbibed the most valuable and indelibly delightful impressions, and such as ardently and unalterably stamped upon his mind the enthusiasm of local attachment, may be easily conceived; nor will it be less easy to trace to the same source, his strong propensity for the wonderful and romantic, when we find, that, almost from his cradle, his imagination was attracted by the marvels of fiction and fancy. For his youthful mind had been fed with an abundant store of such materials through the partial fondness of his blind and venerable relative, Andrew Blythe, whose custom it was to recite to him "tales and ballads founded on popular superstitions, and on the daring exploits of border chieftains and warriors, which in his own youth had been the frequent amusement of the farmer's fire-side in winter nights."* To these narratives from the lips of the good old man was added the perusal of the chivalric deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and the wonders of the Arabian Nights Enter-

* Poetical Remains, p. ix.

tainments, books which, with several others, such as Milton's Paradise Lost, and Chapman's Homer, he found in the possession of his father or the neighbouring peasants, and which he devoured with the most eager delight.

The consequence of this early initiation into the regions of the grand and supernatural, was, that like Collins, whom he much resembled in his genius and cast of thought, he was ever afterwards, "eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens." *

He resembled Collins too in the purity and fervour of his religious feelings; for, having been early introduced to an intimacy with his Bible, by the affectionate care of his grandmother,

* Vide Johnson's Life of Collins.

who had taught him to read, both the historical and poetical passages of the Scriptures were indelibly fixed upon his memory. Nor were its doctrines less operative on his heart and conduct; for Lord Minto, who knew him intimately whilst in India, has told us, that he was most sincerely attached to his religion, the principles and evidences of which had been throughout his life the chief object of his studies; and he then adds the very important information, that "his conduct testified the sincerity of his belief; for he uniformly abstained from every kind of vicious indulgence." *

In his literary acquisitions, however, he was not only superior to Collins, but, with the exception of Sir William Jones, perhaps to every other individual upon record. He so early showed an extraordinary facility in the attainment of languages, that his parents stretched their humble means to the utmost in the nurture of his talents; and, after having sent him

* Poetical Remains, Memoirs, p. lxxv.

for three years to the grammar school of Kirkcaldy, about two miles from their cottage, he was placed under the tuition of the Rev. James Duncan of Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, a village not much farther from his home, to which he constantly returned at night. Thence, in the year 1790, and in his sixteenth year, he passed to Edinburgh, and became the favourite pupil of Professors Dalzell and Finlayson. Here he studied, with unexampled diligence and success, the classical and oriental languages; returning annually during the summer vacation to his native valley, where the mode in which he prosecuted his studies is too characteristic of the peculiar bias of his mind to be omitted. The scene of his philological labors in 1791 was a pastoral glen, about a furlong from his father's cottage. Here, about half-way up the bank, he had formed a rude sort of bower, partly scooped out of the earth, and covered with fern and rushes. A mountain rivulet, which, after dashing over a precipitate head of the glen, runs in many windings through scenes of wild grandeur till it joins the Te-

viot, flowed beneath."* And, subsequently, when his family removed to the village of Cavers, situated close by the parish church, he would study during the week days in that gloomy old pile, nearly surrounded as it was by a grove of lofty beech and elm trees, which threw a deep and awful shade both over it and the adjacent churchyard. Here he would remain from morning to the hour of twilight, an object of superstitious dread to the neighbouring rustics, who had long believed the place to be haunted, quitting it in the evening with his Hebrew Bible under his arm, in order that when, during family worship, his father read the English version, he might accompany him in the original.

His attendance on the classes at Edinburgh extended to the summer of 1796; and, during this period, the most striking traits of his literary character, namely, his enthusiasm, his love of poetry and of oriental literature, began powerfully to develope themselves. Such, in-

* Poetical Remains, Memoirs, p. vii.

deed, was the uncommon splendour of his acquirements, that before the year 1800 he had attracted the notice and admiration of some of the first poets and scholars of his age; among whom were Mr. Richard Heber, Mr. Walter Scott, and Mr. George Ellis. It was about this period also, that, beginning to be apprehensive of not obtaining preferment in the profession which had originally been chalked out for him, that of the Scottish Ministry, he entered upon the study of medicine, occupying his leisure with historical and philological pursuits.

To the warm and fertile imagination of Leyden, nothing could be more interesting than the discoveries which were now almost annually making in the hitherto unexplored regions of Africa; and he seized with avidity on a topic so congenial to his temper of mind. The result of his application was, "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the eighteenth century, 1799;" a publication which, issuing from the press at a time when the public curiosity had been just excited by the Travels of Mungo

Park, and being written too with great animation and depth of research, was eagerly and extensively read. "Africa," remarks an accomplished friend of our author, "had peculiar charms for Leyden. He delighted to read of hosts, whose arrows intercepted the sun-beams; of kings, who judged of the number of their soldiers, by marching them over the trunk of a cedar; of the royal halls of Dahomy, built of skulls and cross-bones; all, in short, that presented strange, wild, and romantic views of what have been quaintly entitled the ultimities and summities of human nature, and which furnished new and unheard of facts in the history of man, and great fascinations for his ardent imagination." * Nothing, indeed, can more strikingly corroborate this statement, than the fact, that about three years afterwards, he actually offered himself to the African Association as one of their missionaries; and there can be little doubt that, had not a plan of another kind, and which proved equally prepossessing,

* Vide Edinburgh Annual Register, 1811.

been then laid before him, he would have embraced that hazardous employment.

His attention, in the meantime, was occupied through the influence of his friends, Dr. Anderson, Messrs. Heber and Scott, by Scottish poetry and antiquities. He republished the "Complaynt of Scotland," with a Glossary and preliminary Dissertation; he contributed some beautiful poems and some disquisitions on popular superstition to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" he collected, in a journey through the Highlands, much information relative to the poetry and traditions of the Gaëlic tribes, with the express view of throwing additional light on the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, a bard for whom he had always avowed the most ardent admiration: he assisted his friend Dr. Murray in the composition of the Scots Magazine; and he edited, in 1802, a small volume of scarce and valuable pieces, under the title of "Scottish Descriptive Poems."

Of these labours, however, and those attending private tuition, he became somewhat impatient; and when his friends found him entertaining thoughts of his African expedition, they

felt, not without reason, alarmed for his safety, and soon succeeded in inducing him to turn his views towards India, a quarter of the globe for which, in consequence of his love for Eastern literature, he had long cherished a predilection. As no other appointment, however, could be obtained than that of assistant surgeon, he was under the necessity of reverting to his medical studies, and, from his customary vigour of application, was soon found qualified for a diploma from the College of Surgeons, and for the degree of M. D. from the University of St. Andrews.

It was in the beginning of April, 1803, that he left his native island for the vast continent of India, after spending the three previous months in London, during which time he prepared his "Scenes of Infancy" for the press, leaving the superintendance of the printing and publication to the care of his friend Dr. Thomas Brown.

The greater part of this exquisite poem had been written some years before, and had, in fact, been announced for publication under the title of "The Vale of Teviot;" but he now not

only altered the title, but introduced numerous passages expressive of the deep regret which he felt on quitting his home, his parents, and his friends. No man ever possessed a heart more feelingly alive to all the social and domestic endearments of life than Dr. Leyden, and he had long and fondly cherished the hope of spending his days on the banks of the Teviot, and of exercising the profession of his choice, as assistant and successor to the minister of Cavers, his native parish. But, disappointed in this plan, and in another of a similar kind, he most reluctantly bade farewell to the scenes of his early happiness, leaving not only his relatives and companions behind him, but the object on whom he had indissolubly fixed his tenderest affections.

That a poem retouched and completed under the influence of this stern necessity, should have imbibed a tone of feeling responding to that which actually pervaded its author's breast, might naturally be expected; and such, indeed, is the general tenderness and pensive cast of thought of this lovely composition — such often the irresistible magic of its appeal to the heart,

that, perhaps, no poem of its species exists in our language which can, in these respects, be placed in competition with it.

But its author, torn from all that was dear to him, was now about to enter on his brief but brilliant career on the shores of India. He failed not there, as in his native land, to arrest the notice of the learned and the great, and very soon, by the rapidity of his progress both in languages and science, to excite their esteem and astonishment. Lord Minto and Sir John Malcolm, who extended to him while in India, the most constant and friendly patronage, have borne ample testimony to the extraordinary magnitude of his acquisitions. "His studies," says the latter, "included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connection with each other; and from that talent, combined with his

taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal." *

No obstacles, and he had many to encounter, could daunt the determined enthusiasm with which he trod the path to fame. Not even ill health, which was his portion for some time during his early residence in the East, was allowed to interrupt his perseverance; "and he actually," relates Sir John Malcolm, "continued under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, (at a time when he could not sit upright,) to study more than ten hours each day." To what this indefatigable attention might not have conducted, had Providence spared his life, it is scarcely possible to calculate; but we know, from his "Dissertation on the Language and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations," preserved in

* Poetical Remains, Memoir, pp. lxi. lxii.

the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, that his attainments, if the short period which he had then applied to these subjects be duly weighed, were beyond all precedent astonishing.' In fine, the translations which he had made from the Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit, and the grammars which he had completed of several languages, and particularly of the Malay and Pracrit tongues, demonstratively proved that his knowledge of the literature of the East was as profound and accurate as it was extensive and extraordinary.

Nor were the virtues of Dr. Leyden less prominent than his talents. If his manners were somewhat uncouth, and his pretensions occasionally obtrusive, he had a host of excellencies to redeem what were merely foibles. In his temper, he was mild, compassionate, and generous, and, both in principle and in practice, in a very striking degree moral and religious. "No man, whatever his condition might be," remarks Lord Minto, who thoroughly knew him, "ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its

grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that, within my experience, Dr. Leyden never, in any instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncontemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity, was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune which he disdained to court; and, amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence of oppression, were not less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described." *

* Poetical Remains, Memoirs, p. lxxiv.

How much is it to be deplored, that a man thus gifted with almost every excellence of mind and heart, exhibiting to the world such an uncommon union of virtue, genius, and erudition, should have perished just when he was about to acquire the high distinction which his splendid talents and public usefulness so truly merited, and at the early age of thirty-five! He was seized in the island of Java, whither he had accompanied his patron Lord Minto, with a pestilential fever, and expired, after an illness of but three days, on the 28th of August, 1811; his Lordship and Mr. Raffles paying with the most poignant regret, the last mournful duties over the grave of their lamented friend.

He has left, however, one monument of his genius behind him which will never die; and though this has been, from some unaccountable perversion of taste, hitherto grossly neglected, there wants but little of the spirit of prophecy to foretel, that it must gradually gain upon the public ear, and ultimately become the favourite, for which, if I am not

mistaken, it will be found to offer the most legitimate pretensions. It is with the view then of accelerating this tribute to his memory, this general consecration of his genius and his virtues, in the bosom of taste and sensibility, that I now come forward with such specimens of his poetry, as cannot fail, I think, in effecting the impression I am so anxious to induce.

The subject is of itself of the most interesting nature; for where is the human being, possessed of the just feelings of a man, who does not look back, with a mingled sensation of pleasure and regret, on the scenes of his infancy, on those days of innocence and unalloyed delight, which can, alas! return no more! More especially is this retrospection associated with emotions of a pensive, and even melancholy cast, when we are about to quit, perhaps for ever, the very soil which has been endeared to us by these recollections, and the very friends who have grown up with us in its bosom. It is then that every feature of our native spot, physical or moral, becomes more dear and hallowed in proportion as it recedes

from our view, and the heart even of the best man will in the hour of separation, with a kind of mistrusting sorrow, momentarily ask of itself,—

> Ah! who can tell if former friends
> Will e'er remember me.
>
> CARTER.

Such was precisely the situation of young Leyden, when he put the finishing hand to his "Scenes of Infancy;" and they, therefore, breathe throughout that spirit of tender regret and mournful illusion so soothing to him who is on the eve of being severed from all that once gave a charm to existence. Indeed a similar tone of plaintive sweetness pervades much of his minor poetry, written either immediately before, or soon after, his voyage to India; and from these pieces, as the subject may demand, I shall occasionally borrow some illustrative stanzas;—their beauty, even independent of their adaptation, is such as might almost apologise for their introduction.

The "Scenes of Infancy," after a short but appropriate exordium, enter upon a subject

which had peculiar attractions for their author, the celebrity of Teviotdale for the spirit and the pathos of its music. The inhabitants of this picturesque and pastoral valley, through which the Teviot flows for more than thirty miles, until it falls into the Tweed at Kelso, were remarkable, in days of old, for uniting the contrasted occupations of the predatory warrior and the shepherd. They delighted to sing during peace what they had achieved in war, and hence "this district became the very cradle of Scottish song, in every variety of melody, from the harsh and simple but energetic war-songs of the Liddisdale borderers, to the soft and pathetic love-strains of the banks of the Tweed." *

To these traditionary love-songs, simply sweet or wildly impressive, and which still linger in the memory of the aged peasant, our poet thus alludes:

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.

* Note by Leyden, Poetical Remains, p. 297.

Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream:—
On those fair banks thine ancient bards no more,
Enchanting stream! their melting numbers pour;
But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,
Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young:
And those who tread with holy feet the ground,
At lonely midnight hear their silver sound;
When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

Numerous are the passages, both in this poem and in his smaller pieces, in which, with a master's hand, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," he has delineated the effects of music on the soul of man. Of Scottish amatory song, indeed, it is scarcely possible to speak without enthusiasm; but who shall equal the tenderness of that which lives in every line of his Ode on Scottish Music! It absolutely sinks and melts into the heart with a feeling as delicious as that which flows from the strains to which it is devoted. Here, too, as in the couplets just quoted, it is the song of the Teviot, the music of his native fields that wakes the

poet's lyre, and never perhaps was the heart-soothing effect of the recollected airs of early life more impressively recorded than in the following lovely passage: —

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell, *
When music's tones the bosom swell,
The scenes of former life return
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immur'd in mortal frames to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng;
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-ton'd music of the soul,
That war'oles in our Scottish song.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
Ere rolling years had pass'd away,
Remember'd like a morning dream,
I heard these dulcet measures float
In many a liquid winding note
Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

* "The effect of music is explained by the Hindus, as recalling to our memory the airs of Paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence. Vide Sacontala." Note by Leyden, Poetical Remains, p. 91.

Sweet sounds! that oft have sooth'd to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charm'd away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That in the wild the traveller hears.

The poet now proceeds to describe the romantic scenery of the vale of Teviot; to notice several of its local peculiarities, and to interweave some wild traditionary rhymes of elder-time; during which he often reverts to the object of his early attachment, his beloved Aurelia; and pays a most affecting tribute to the memory of his sister, whom he followed to an untimely grave. He has also introduced in this first part of his poem some striking circumstances connected with the border feuds and turbulent clans of ancient times. One of these, allusive to the fall of the gallant *Johnie Armstrong* and his men, who were hung by order of James V., on some trees at Carlenrig chapel in Teviotdale, ushers in an exquisitely-told episode, founded on the wildly-pleasing story of Mary Scott, the *Flower of Yarrow*. It commences with

a description of a Scottish peasant's *fire-side*, where, in reference to the fame of the brave but unfortunate chieftain just mentioned, we are told

Such themes inspire the border shepherd's tale,
When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
As by red ember-light the damsels spin:
Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallow'd ground;
While narrowing still the circle closes round,
Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

Of the minstrel to whom we are said to have been indebted for these "lays of magic power," these tales of the cottage hearth, tradition has recorded, that in one of the predatory incursions of the Scottish retainers of the once powerful family of Harden, and who formerly inhabited that part of the vale of Teviot where the Bortha joins its stream,

a child was found hidden among the plunder which they had carried off. This infant, protected and fostered by the compassion of Mary Scott, the beautiful daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope Tower, and wife of Walter Scott, of Harden, but better known in song by the expressive epithet of the *Flower of Yarrow**, became, as he grew up, a favourite poet; but, though the author of several popular airs and ballads, his name has unhappily perished. His fate and fortunes, however, will never be forgotten, or unlamented, until the following pathetic lines shall cease to exist.

* "Her daughter," relates Mr. Cromek, "was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

"There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, as it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times.—The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter, for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas-moon, a period when the moss-troopers and cattle drivers on the borders, begin their nightly depredations." Reliques of Burns, pp. 121, 122.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And, as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her lattic'd hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom,
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:

Scar'd at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor lov'd the scenes that scar'd his infant view.
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful maddening joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill.
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.

He liv'd, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier;
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Sav'd other names, and left his own unsung.

The romantic appellation of the *Flower of Yarrow*, "was, in latter days," says Mr. Scott, "with equal justice conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour." *

The first part of the "Scenes of Infancy" closes with an address to his Aurelia, which, when we recollect the fate of the author, it is scarcely possible to read without the deepest feelings of sympathy and commiseration. How

* Marmion, notes to Canto II., p. 38. 8vo edition.

does he open all the secret recesses of the human heart where pity and affection dwell, and how faithfully do they respond to his awakening call! Than the lines which I have marked by *italics*, I know none that leave behind them an impression of more enchanting pathos.

Ah! dear Aurelia! when this arm shall guide
Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
When I to pine in eastern realms have gone,
And years have pass'd, and thou remain'st alone,
Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful haunts,
Regard the turf where first I carv'd thy name,
And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,
False to his heart, was ever true to thee?
Why bend, so sad, that kind regretful view,
As every moment were my last adieu?
Ah! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,
Nor break the tortured heart that bleeds for thee!
That snowy cheek, that moist and gelid brow,
Those quivering lips, that breathe the unfinish'd vow;
These eyes that still with dimming tears o'erflow,
Will haunt me, when thou canst not see my woe.
Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,
Mine eyes reverted linger o'er the main:
But, sad as he that dies in early spring,
When flowers begin to blow, and birds to sing

When nature's joy a moment warms his heart,
And makes it doubly hard with life to part.
I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,
And fearful listen for the flapping sail,
Seek in these natal shades a short relief,
And steal a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes! in these shades, this fond, adoring mind
Had hop'd in thee a dearer self to find,
Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,
And wonder it so long remain'd unseen;
Hop'd, those seducing graces might impart
Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,
While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,
Fond thought I should borrow manlier beams from mine.
Ah! fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be!
Shall but this lonely heart survive to me?
No! in the temple of my purer mind,
Thine imag'd form shall ever live enshrin'd,
And hear the vows to first affection due
Still breath'd — for love that ceases ne'er was true.

The same expression of unalterable affection, the same forebodings of eternal separation have thrown a mournful interest over several of the minor productions of his muse, more especially

in the verses to Aurelia written in 1802, which terminate with the following sweetly-pensive lines: —

One dear embrace, and then we part —
We part to meet no more!
I bear a sad and lonely heart
To pine on India's shore.

A heart that once has lov'd like mine
No second love can know!
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine,
Must other love forego. *

* Poetical Remains, p. 140.

No. V.

Thy muse, O Leyden, seeks no foreign clime,
For deeds of fame, to twine her brows with bays;
But finds at home whereon to build her rhyme,
And patriot virtues sings in patriot lays.

'Tis songs like thine that lighten labour's toil,
That rouse each generous feeling of the heart;
That bind us closer to our native soil,
And make it death from those we love to part. —

While the clear Teviot thro' fair meads shall stray,
And Esk still clearer seeks the western main;
So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,
And Border youths applaud thy patriot strain.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

THE second part of Dr. Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy" opens with a beautiful address to that object of the adoration of our elder bards, the

star-like daisy, which he has enlivened by allusions to those days of chivalry —

When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames at tourneys shone with daisies crown'd,
And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

Such a subject could not fail to introduce the minstrel who, more than any other, has gifted this "sweet daughter of the day" with imperishable praise, the venerable *Chaucer*; and he gives us a spirited sketch, from that admirable poet's Prologue to the "Legende of Gode Women," of the procession of the Daisy-Queen and her Nymphs with the God of Love. So great was the homage paid by Chaucer to this emblem of amorous fidelity, that he tells us, in this prologue, nothing but his adoration of this his favourite flower could seduce him from his books: —

——————There is game none,
That fro my bokes maketh me to gone, —
Save certainly when that the month of Maie
Is comen;

then, every morning, duly as it dawns, he hastens forth

To sene this floure ayenst the sunne ysprede—
And, whan that it is eve, I renné blithe,
As sone as ever the sunne gimneth west,
To sene this floure how it woll go to rest.

I cannot avoid remarking here, that one of the most ardent passions of Chaucer's mind, was his love of books; he informs us, in his "Parliament of Birds," that he "redes alway;" and in his "Canterbury Tales," when describing himself, under the person of the Clerk of Oxenford, he says he would

————lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokés, cloth'd in black or red,—
Than robés rich, or fidel, or sautrie.

ver. 295.

Strongly attached to legendary lore, our author now brings before us some popular superstitions connected with the house of Douglas, whose ancient mansion was situated near the

church of Cavers, his native parish; and these very appositely introduce a commemoration of the battle of Otterburn, where those lords of the Border, Percy and Douglas, strove for the mastery. We are then led, by another vestige of rustic credulity, to deplore the devastation which the plague formerly committed in this part of Scotland; and hence particularly the fate of two beautiful and accomplished young women, whose friendship for each other was so indissoluble, that, though in love with the same individual, it still continued unimpaired. The tradition of Teviotdale relates that, "during the ravages of the pestilence, they retired to a sequestered glen, where they inhabited a cottage, without informing any person of the place of their retreat. Their lover, whose affection was so equally attracted by the fair rivals, that he could form no decision of preference, at last discovered their recess, and found that, not daring to visit places of public resort, they had been under the necessity of subsisting chiefly on snails, and with surprise he perceived that they looked more beautiful than ever. Unwilling, however, that they should subsist on

such diet, he ventured to visit the nearest town, to procure them provisions. There he unfortunately caught the pestilence, which he communicated to his fair friends, who fell, with their lover, victims of the contagion." *

A similar story has been told by *Ramsay*, by *Darwin*, by *Wilson*, and by Moore, nor does it suffer in the hands of Dr. Leyden; but the invocation to the nightingale with which he has closed his narrative is, both in point of harmony and imagery, so uncommonly sweet and soothing, that it would not be doing justice to the exquisite tenderness which pervades his poetry, were I to omit it. After telling us that the lover of these hapless maidens lived but to hear their latest sigh, he adds,

A veil of leaves the red-breast o'er them threw,
Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.
There the blue ring-dove coos with ruffling wing,
And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;
The wood-lark breathes in softer strain the vow,
And love's soft burthen floats from bough to bough.

* Poetical Remains, p. 344. note.

But thou, sweet minstrel of the twilight vale!
O! where art thou, melodious nightingale? *
On their green graves shall still the moon-beams shine,
And see them mourn'd by every song but thine?
That song, whose lapsing tones so sweetly float,
That love-sick maidens sigh at ev'ry note!

Oh! by the purple rose of Peria's plain,
Whose opening petals greet thine evening strain;
Whose fragrant odours oft thy song arrest,
And call the warbler to her glowing breast, —
Let pity claim thy love-devoted lay,
And wing, at last, to Dena's vale thy way!

Sweet bird! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore
Thy song unheard along her woodland shore?
In southern groves thou charm'st the starry night,
Till darkness seems more lovely far than light;
But still, when vernal April wakes the year,
Nought save the echo of thy song we hear.

* "It is an unluckly circumstance for the Scottish poet, that the nightingale has never been known to visit the north side of the Tweed. Douglas and Dunbar in their descriptive poems, often allude to her song. But it is more probable that they adorned their verses with the graces of fiction, than that the nightingale at that early period was naturalized in Scotland."

The lover, lingering by some ancient pile,
When moonlight meads in dewy radiance smile,
Starts at each wood-note, wandering through the dale,
And fondly hopes he hears the nightingale.
Oh! if those tones of soft enchanting swell,
Be more than dreams, which fabling poets tell;
If e'er thy notes have charm'd away the tear
From beauty's eye, or mourn'd o'er beauty's bier;
Waste not the softness of thy notes in vain,
But pour in Dena's vale thy sweetest strain!

A pathetic tale founded on the traditionary circumstance of a child being carried off by an eagle, and dropped into the lake of Alemoor, succeeds these lines on the nightingale, and introduces, by an easy transition, a glowing picture of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. We have then a pleasing sketch of a country-fair, followed by an account of the Aurora Borealis, and the superstitions connected with its appearance. A casual notice of the glowworm and her emerald lamp is appropriately associated with the fairy ring-dance and the elfin minstrelsy, and leads to one of those luxuriant delineations of the fairy world in which our author delighted to

expatiate. It is built on the intercourse which was supposed to subsist between Thomas Rymour of Ercildown and the Queen of the Fairies, who conducted him to fairy-land under the customary but unavailing injunction of maintaining a strict silence during their route. The description of the enchanted knights, who were waiting the appointed return of King Arthur from the realms of faery, is illustrated by a simile taken from the wildly beautiful romance of the Caliph Vathek, and is managed by our poet with a grandeur and sublimity of effect, which very forcibly impresses us with a high estimate of the strength of his genius, and the splendour of his imagination.

Through winding paths that never saw the sun,
Where Eildon * hides his roots in caverns dun,
They pass,—the hollow pavement, as they go
Rocks to remurmuring waves that boil below.
Silent they wade, where sounding torrents lave
The banks, and red the tinge of every wave;

* "Eildon derives its name from the watch-fires which, in the turbulent times of antiquity, were kindled on its summit. *Elden*, in the Scottish dialect, denotes *fuel*."

For all the blood that dyes the warrior's hand
Runs through the thirsty springs of fairy-land.
Level and green the downward region lies,
And low the cieling of the fairy skies;
Self-kindled gems a richer light display
Than gilds the earth, but not a purer day.
Resplendent crystal forms the palace-wall;
The diamond's trembling lustre lights the hall;
But where soft emeralds shed an umber'd light,
Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight;
A raven plume waves o'er each helmed crest,
And black the mail which binds each manly breast,
Girt with broad falchion and with bugle-green —
Ah! could a mortal trust the fairy queen?
From mortal lips an earthly accent fell,
And Rymour's tongue confess'd the numbing spell:
In iron sleep the minstrel lies forlorn,
Who breath'd a sound before he blew the horn.

So Vathek once, as eastern legions tell, *
Sought the vast dome of subterranean hell,

* "The beautiful and romantic history of the caliph Vathek, though it occasionally betray the vestiges of European embellishment, is, in the ground work, of oriental origin; and it is understood to have been founded on certain MSS. formerly in the collection of Edward Wortley Montague. The cast of the story in itself, the manners and allusions which pervade it, and the appropriate sublimity of the close, independent of the

Where, ghastly in their cedar-biers enshrin'd,
The fleshless forms of ancient kings reclin'd,
Who, long before primeval Adam rose,
Had heard the central gates behind them close.
With jarring clang the hebon portals ope,
And closing toll the funeral knell of hope.
A sable tap'stry lin'd the marble wall,
And spirits curs'd stalk'd dimly through the hall:
There, as he view'd each right hand ceaseless prost
With writhing anguish to each blasted breast,
Blue o'er his brow convulsive fibres start,
And flames of vengeance eddy round his heart;
With a dire shriek he joins the restless throng,
And vaulted hell return'd his funeral song.

These wonders of superhuman agency very naturally introduced the great bard of romance, the minstrel of the North, Walter Scott, he who,

——— with summons strong and high,
Hath bade the charmed sleep of ages fly,

and who, as the bosom friend and literary associate of Leyden, still further claimed the

evidence in the notes, which might have been greatly augmented, indicate plainly that it is not a fiction of the poet."

tribute which finishes the second part of the "Scenes of Infancy."

These minstrels were, indeed, congenial spirits, assimilated in their early studies and pursuits, and equally delighting to explore, both as antiquaries and as poets, the recesses of legendary faith, and the regions of chivalric fiction. An early grave has closed over the head of the one, whilst the other, since the lines we are about to quote were written, has ran a bright and noble race for fame, producing numerous works of great interest, and which, though occasionally betraying marks of haste and inattention, have that within them which will never die!

Had Leyden lived to revisit his native country, he would not only have beheld his prophetic intimations more than fulfilled; but he would, no doubt, have traced an equal field of glory with his gifted friend; as it is, if conscious of sublunary things, his spirit must rejoice to know that the appeal which he has formed with so much pathos, has not been made in vain.

O Scott! with whom, in youth's serenest prime,
I wove with careless hand the fairy rhyme,
Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,
And heroes wake from every mouldering urn!
Thy powerful verse, to grace the courtly hall,
Shall many a tale of elder time recall,
The deeds of knights, the loves of dames proclaim,
And give forgotten bards their former fame.
Enough for me, if fancy wake the shell,
To eastern minstrels strains like thine to tell,
Till saddening memory all our haunts restore,
The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore,
The circled hearth, which ne'er was wont to fail
In cheerful joke, or legendary tale,
Thy mind, in fearless frankness nought could move,
Thy friendship, like an elder brother's love.
While from each scene of early life I part,
True to the beatings of this ardent heart,
When, half-deceased, with half the world between,
My name shall be mmention'd on the green,
When years combine with distance, let me be,
By all forgot, remember'd yet by thee! *

* I cannot omit this opportunity for observing, that if the numerous Novels and Tales which have lately riveted the attention of the public, from the first page of "Waverley" to the last of "Ivanhoe," are, as they are reported to be, the productions of Walter Scott, he must be pronounced to have

At the commencement of the *third* part of this beautiful poem, we are presented with a lovely picture of a sabbath morning, in a strain of imagery and versification, which brings to recollection one of our author's favourite poets, the tender and melodious Goldsmith. *

Again, with youth's sensations wild, I hear
The sabbath-chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,
And view with solemn gait and serious eye
Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.

exhibited more skill and versatility in the conception and development of character, than any writer since the days of Shakspeare.

* Our author has, in a subsequent part of his poem, when speaking of the inhabitants of Ireland, paid the following fine eulogium on Goldsmith and his countrymen: —

Tall and robust, on nature's ancient plan,
Her mother hand here frames her favourite man;
His form, which Grecian artists might adore,
She bids awake and glow with native fire;
Yet, not to outward form alone confin'd,
Her gifts impartial settle on his mind.
Hence springs the lightning of the speaking eye,
The quick suggestion, and the keen reply,
The powerful spell, that listening creates kinds,
The sparkling wit of fine elastic minds,
The milder charms, which feeling hearts engage,
That glow unrivall'd in her Goldsmith's page.

The rough-ton'd bell, which many a year hath seen,
And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,
Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound:
With quicken'd pace they throng the burial ground;
As each selects his old paternal seat,
Bright flash the sparkles round their iron feet.
From crowded pews, arrang'd in equal row,
The dirge-like music rises soft and slow;
Uncultur'd strains! which yet the warmth impart
Of true devotion to the peasant's heart.

I mark the preacher's air, serene and mild:
In every face he sees a listening child,
Unfolds with reverend air the sacred book,
Around him casts a kind paternal look,
And hopes, when all his mortal toils are past,
This filial family to join at last.

After recording the influence of this good man's doctrines on the minds and manners of his flock, and describing the return of the peasantry from church, their sober talk and serious demeanour, the poet mentions some who linger behind for purposes of solitary contemplation, a passage which, in its completion, furnishes one of those awfully moral and

sublime ideas in which the muse of Leyden delighted to indulge:

Some love to trace the plain of graves alone,
Peruse the lines that crowd the sculptur'd stone,
And, as their bosoms heave at thoughts of fame,
Wish that such homely verse may save their name,
Hope that their comrades, as the words they spell,
To greener youth their ploughman skill may tell,
And add, that none sung clearer at the ale,
Or told at winter's eve a merrier tale,
When drowsy shepherds round the embers gaze
At tiny forms that tread the mounting blaze,
And songs and jokes the laughing hours beguile,
And borrow sweetness from the damsel's smile.
Vain wish! the lettered stones that mark his grave,
Can ne'er the swain from dim oblivion save:
Ere thrice yon sun his annual course has roll'd,
Is he forgotten, and the tales he told.—
At fame so transient, peasants, murmur not!
In one great book your deeds are not forgot:
Your names, your blameless lives, impartial fate
Records, to triumph o'er the guilty great,
When each unquiet grave upheaves the dead,
And awful blood-drops stain the laurell'd head.

The retributive justice alluded to in these lines, induces, by a very easy transition, some striking reflections on the instability of human greatness; on the cruelty inflicted by the efforts of the mighty, in their endeavour to perpetuate their name by gigantic monuments of sepulchral vanity; on the dreadful evils of military ambition, and on the still more atrocious tyranny of man, in riveting on his fellow creatures the degrading fetters of a hopeless slavery. The fate of the captive negro, gives origin to an episode founded on the superstition of mariners, "that, in the high southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in, by the appearance of a spectre-ship. At dead of night, the luminous form of a ship glides rapidly, with topsails flying, and sailing straight in the wind's eye. The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty of some dreadful crime in the infancy of navigation, and to have been stricken with the pestilence. They were hence refused admittance into every port, and are ordained still to traverse the ocean on which

they perished, till the period of their penance expire." * The crime of these ghostly navigators, is supposed by Leyden, to have been that of first bearing a freight of bartered captives and he has painted their destiny in colours truly awful and impressive. Yet has he been exceeded on this subject by a living poet, whose "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," is perhaps one of the most tremendous tales of supernatural horror in existence. The apostrophe to his native country, however, which immediately succeeds the narrative of the spectre-ship, is of surpassing beauty, and breathes all that united energy, and tenderness so characteristic of the genius of Leyden.

Land of my fathers! — though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree —
Land of dark heaths and mountains! thou art free.

* Poetical Remains, p. 373. note.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:
No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.
Free, as the lark that carols o'er his head,
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
And whistling loud directs the mining share;
Free, as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

Dear native vallies! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain!
Long mid your sounding glades in union sweet
May rural innocence and beauty meet!
And still be dal, heard at twilight calm
From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm!
Then, Jedworth! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the dump roof the massy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong
By Jed's pure stream a sweeter even-song.

Than long processions once with mystic zeal
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

To this lovely picture of the simple but sublime devotion of the Scottish peasantry, it will be no unwelcome appendage, should I subjoin, from the able pen of Mr. Cromek, a description of the Cottar's Ha', drawn from the more primitive times of rustic simplicity, and which, as he justly observes, will be the most effectual and expressive mode of conveying an accurate idea of the family-worship of its inhabitants, or what is termed by them, "Taking the Beuk."

"On entering a neat thatched cottage, when past the partition * hallan, a wide, far projecting chimney-piece, garnished with smoked meat, met your eye. The fire, a good space removed from the end wall, was placed against a large whinstone, called the cat-haud. Behind this was a bench stretching along the *gable*, which, on trysting nights, was occupied by the children; the best seat being courteously proffered to strangers. The cottar sire was placed on the left of the fire,

removed from the bustle of housewifery.—A settee of oak, antiquely carved and strewn with favourite texts of Scripture, was the good man's seat, where he rested after the day's fatigue, nursing and instructing his children. His library shelf above him displayed his folio Bible, covered with rough calf-skin, wherein were registered his children's names and hour of birth; some Histories of the old reforming worthies, (divines who waded through the blood and peril of persecution,) the sacred books of his fathers, lay carefully adjusted and pretty much used: and the acts and deeds of Scotland's saviour, Wallace, and the immortal Bruce, were deemed worthy of holding a place among the heroic divines who had won the heavenly crown of martyrdom. Above these were hung, a broad sword and targe, the remains of ancient warfare, which happily the hand of peace had long forgot to wield.—From the same pin depended the kirn-cut of corn,* curiously

* "The name sometimes given to the last handful of grain cut down on the harvest-field."

braided and adorned with ribbons. Beside him was his fowling-piece, which, before the enaction of Game Laws, supplied his family with venison and fowls in their season. At the end of the lang-settle was the window, which displayed a few panes of glass and two oaken boards, that opened like shutters, for the admission of air. On the gude wife's side appeared her articles of economy and thrift. A dresser, replenished with pewter plates, with a large meal chest of carved oak, extended along the side wall; bunches of yarn hung from a loft or flooring, made of small wood or ryse, spread across the joisting, and covered with moor-turf. The walls, white with lime, were garnished with dairy utensils. At each side of the middle entry was a bed, sometimes of very curious and ingenious workmanship, being posted with oak, and lined with barley straw, finely cleaned and inwoven with thread; these were remarkably warm and much valued.

Family worship was performed every evening, but on the sabbath morning it was attended with peculiar solemnity. At that

season all the family, and frequently some of the neighbours, presented themselves before the aged village apostle. He seated himself on the lang-settle, laying aside his bonnet and plaid. His eldest child came submissively forward, and unclasping the Bible, placed it across his father's knee. After a few minutes of religious silence, he meekly lifts his eyes over his family to mark if they are all around him, and decorous. Opening the Bible, he says, in a tone of simple and holy meekness — "Let us reverently worship our God by singing the (eighth) psalm." He reads it aloud; then gives or recites line after line, leading the tune himself. The *Martyrs* is a chosen air, so called in honour of those men who displayed a zeal worthy of the name, and perished in the persecution. All the family join in this exquisitely mournful tune till the sacred song is finished. A selected portion of Scripture is then read, with an exalted inspiration of voice, accordant with the subject. The family rise as he clasps the book, fall down on their knees, bowing their heads to the ground. The good man,

kneeling over his Bible, pours his prayer to Heaven in a strain of feeling and fervent eloquence.

There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish Sabbath morn presents, when the wind is low, the summer sun newly risen, and all the flocks at browse by the waters and by the woods — how glorious then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chaunt of the cotterman's psalm spreading from hamlet and village!

This noble scene has been painted in never-fading colours by the vigorous and masterly genius of Burns. It was a subject dear to his heart — a parental scene. He has touched it with the poetic inspiration of divine rapture, and with the fidelity of truth itself.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.*

It was on the banks of the Jed that Thomson spent the earliest period of his life, and many of the landscapes of his Seasons, are said to have been sketched from views in this neighbourhood; more particularly the opening of his Winter, where he describes the storm collecting on the mountain cliffs, tradition affirms to have been suggested by the appearance of the snow-clouds forming on the summit of Rubershaw. Of this mountain, and of the great bard who drank inspiration from its scenery, our author has given us the following characteristic touches:—

Dark Rubershaw! that lifts his head sublime
Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time!
On his broad misty front the grant wears
The horrid furrows of ten thousand years;

* Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. 8vo. 1810. pp. 234, 239, 240, 261, 262.

His aged brows are crown'd with curling fern,
Where perches, grave and lone, the hooded crne,
Majestic bird! by ancient shepherds styl'd
The lonely hermit of the russet wild,
That loves amid the stormy blast to soar,
When through disjointed cliffs the tempests roar,
Climbs on strong wing the storm, and, screaming high
Rides the dim rack that sweeps the darken'd sky.

To thee fair Jed! a holy wreath is due,
Who gav'st thy THOMSON all thy scenes to view,
Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
And mould to harmony his ductile soul;
Till fancy's pictures rose as nature bright,
And his warm bosom glow'd with heavenly light.

Bard of the Seasons! could my strain like thine,
Awake the heart to sympathy divine,
Sweet Osna's stream, by thin-leav'd birch o'erhung,
No more should roll her modest waves unsung,
Though now thy silent waters, as they run,
Refuse to sparkle in the morning sun;
Though dark their wandering course, what voice can tell
Who first for thee shall strike the sounding shell,
And teach thy waves, that dimly wind along,
To tune to harmony their mountain-song!

Thus Meles roll'd a stream unknown to fame,
Not yet renown'd by Homer's mighty name;
Great sun of verse, who, self-created shone,
To lend the world his light and borrow none.

To these notices of two of the tributary streams of the Teviot, the *Jed*, and the *Oswa*, the poet now subjoins an equally striking commemoration of their sister waters, the *Cale* and the *Leta*, the former celebrated for the destruction of an immense serpent on its banks, called the *worm of Hazeldean*, and the latter as being the favourite haunt of the gipsey-tribes. His description of this singular and too often ferocious race, is touched with a bold and vigorous pencil, more especially its close, where he compares these vagrants with the Ethiopian *Galles*; "the most dreadful savages," says Jerome Lobo, "in nature; who expose all the children born when in a state of war, and who eat raw cow's flesh, and wear the entrails round their necks as ornaments." *

* Vide Murray's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa, 3d edition, vol. ii. p. 10.

On Yeta's banks the vagrant gypsies place
Their turf-built cots; a sun-burnt swarthy race!
From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king.
With loitering steps from town to town they pass,
Their lazy dames rock'd on the pannier'd ass.
From pilfer'd roots or nauseous carrion fed,
By hedge-rows green they strew the leafy bed,
While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals
The fine-turn'd limbs, which every breeze reveals:
Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,
Around their necks their raven tresses twine;
But chilling damps and dews of night impair
Its soft sleek gloss and tan the bosom bare.
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,
Or read the damsel's wishes in her face,
Her hoarded silver-store they charm away,
A pleasing debt, for promis'd wealth to pay.

Then for their paramours the maddening brawl,
Shrill, fierce, and frantic, echoes round the hall.
No glimmering light to rage supplies a mark,
Save the red firebrand, hissing through the dark;
And oft the beams of morn, the peasants say,
The blood-stain'd turf, and new-form'd graves display.
Fell race, unworthy of the Scotian name!
Your brutal deeds your barbarous line proclaim;

With dreadful Gulla's link'd in kindred bands,
The locust brood of Ethiopia's sands,
Whose frantic shouts the thunder blue defy,
And launch their arrows at the glowing sky.
In barbarous pomp they glut the inhuman feast
With dismal viands man abhors to taste;
And grimly smile, when red the goblets shine,
When mantles red the shell — but not with wine.

A description of Roxburgh's ruined pile, and, as connected with it, the death of Scotia's warrior king,

Fallen in his youth, ere on the listed field
The tinge of blood had dyed his silver shield;

together with a comparison of the Teviot with the Tweed, include the third portion of this "Scenes of Infancy;" while the *fourth* and last is opened by some lines supposed to be addressed to his shadow, and which include a very pathetic mention of his sensations on first quitting the cottage of his father.

But when I left my father's old abode,
And thou the sole companion of my road,

As sad I pass'd, and fondly look'd behind,
And almost deem'd each face I met unkind,
While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,
Thou seem'dst the ancient spirit of my race,
In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say:
" Ha! I will meet thee after many a day,
" When youth's impatient joys, too fierce too fast,
" And fancy's wild illusions, all are past;
" Yes! I will come, when scenes of youth depart,
" To ask thee for thy innocence of heart!"

To the same scene of parting sorrow, accompanied by a similar expression of retrospective regret, he alludes in the annexed passage from his "Ode to the Scenes of Infancy," of which the last three lines most forcibly delineate the forlornness of heart which he felt on that occasion.

When first each joy that childhood yields,
I left, and saw my native fields
At distance fading dark and blue,
As if my feet had gone astray
In some lone desart's pathless way,
I turn'd, my distant home to view.*

* Poetical Remains, p. 117.

He then enumerates at considerable length, and with much of the plaintive harmony and tender imagination of Goldsmith, the various changes which had taken place in the vale of Teviot since he first left it for the busier walks of man; a review which involves a series of highly picturesque descriptions, and which insensibly leads to a still more elaborate retrospect of what had occurred in the same region, from the earliest dawn of record, through the British, Roman, and Saxon periods, to the time when Scotland became a scene of bitter and relentless persecution to that class of presbyterians who adhered inviolably to the Solemn League and Covenant. It is highly probable that Dr. Leyden had imbibed a favourable opinion of the conduct and character of this sect from his early tutor, the Rev. James Duncan of Denholm, who was the pastor, in that village, of a congregation of Cameronians, and a man of exemplary worth. He has accordingly closed his digression by a masterly representation of the sufferings of those unhappy people. After mentioning the milder mood of religion which now fortunately prevails, he thus proceeds:—

And, lo! the peasant lifts his glistening eye,
When the pale stars are sprinkled o'er the sky!
In those fair orbs, with friends departed long,
Again he hopes to hymn the choral song;
While on his glowing cheek no more remains
The trace of former woes, of former pains.

Cold are the selfish hearts that would control
The simple peasant's grateful glow of soul;
When, raising with his hands his heart on high,
The sacred tear-drops trembling in his eye,
With firm untainted zeal, he swears to hold
The reverend faith his fathers held of old,
Hold firm thy faith! for, on the sacred day,
No sabbath-bells invite thy steps to pray;
But, as the peasants seek the churchyard ground,
Afar they hear the swelling bugle sound,
With shouts and trampling steps approaching near,
And oaths and curses murmuring in the rear.
Quick they disperse, to moors and woodlands fly,
And fens, that hid in musty vapours lie:
But, though the pitying sun withdraws his light,
The lapwing's clamorous whoop attends their flight,
Pursues their steps, where'er the wanderers go,
Till the shrill scream betrays them to the foe.

Poor bird! where'er the roaming swain intrudes
On thy bleak heaths and desart solitudes,

He curses still thy scream, thy clamorous tongue,
And crushes with his foot thy moulting young:
In stern vindictive mood, he still recalls
The days, when, by the mountain water-falls,
Beside the streams with ancient willows grey,
Or narrow dells, where drifted snow-wreaths lay,
And rocks that shone with fretted ice-work hung,
The prayer was heard, and sabbath-psalms were sung.

Of those dire days the child, untaught to spell,
Still learns the tale he hears his father tell;
How from his sheltering hut the peasant fled,
And in the marshes dug his cold damp bed;
His rimy locks by blasts of winter tost,
And stiffened garments rattling in the frost.

In vain the feeble mother strove to warm
The shivering child, close cradled on her arm;
The cold, that crept thro' each freezing vein,
Congeal'd the milk the infant sought to drain.

Still, as the fearful tale of blood goes round,
From lips compress is heard a muttering sound;
Flush the warm cheeks, the eyes are bright with dew,
And curses fall on the unholy crew;

Spreads the enthusiast glow: — With solemn pause,
An ancient sword the aged peasant draws,
Displays its rusty edge, and weeps to tell,
How he that bore it for religion fell;
And bids his offspring consecrate the day,
To dress the turf that wraps the martyr's clay.

After a simile illustrative of this passage taken from that striking solemnity among the Indians, called the *Feast of Souls*, the entire poem is concluded by the following pathetic lines, in which the poet, though he had not then quitted the shores of Britain, breathes a mournful anticipation of his premature fate.

By fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted gray,
I seem by moon-illumin'd graves to stray;
Where, mid the flat and nettle-slarted stones,
My steps remove the yellow crumbling bones.
The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;

9 "A great part of the ancient churchyard of Hazelden has been swept away by the river Teviot, so that no vestige remains of the burying place of the author's ancestors."

While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazel-dean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise —
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
"Why did'st thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
"Why did'st thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
"The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
"And Teviot's stream, that long has murmur'd by?
"And we — when death so long has clos'd our eyes, —
"How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
"And hear our mouldering bones across the main
"From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
"Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
"And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

These affecting presages, the suggestions of a mind reluctantly separated from all which it held most dear, became naturally darker and stronger, as the baneful influence of the climate

of India was felt to be undermining the sources of health and vigour. Much, therefore, of the poetry which our author composed in the East, derives a melancholy interest from these too prophetic intimations of approaching destiny. But none more so than his "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin, written in Chéricál, Malabar," which, while it breathes the same exquisite tones of tenderness that delight us so much in the "Scenes of Infancy," paints likewise, in the most vivid colours, that utter contempt of pecuniary interest which formed so conspicuous a feature in the character of Dr. Leyden. I shall subjoin it entire.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight-converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot lov'd while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smil'd,
Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once, so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true!

I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart: — the grave
Dark and untimely met my view —
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay! *

From the extracts which I have now somewhat copiously brought forward from the "Scenes of Infancy," there cannot remain a doubt, I should imagine, in the breast of any lover and judge of poetry, in what rank we are to place the genius of their author. If richness of imagination, if the most exquisite tenderness

* Poetical Remains, p. 163. et seq.

of sentiment, if picturesqueness of description and harmony of versification, can constitute a claim to poetical excellence, the award will not be withheld from the efforts of Leyden, who has, in fact, happily united the plaintive sweetness of Goldsmith with the wild and romantic splendour of Collins.

That his poem is, however, absolutely free from defects, it would be useless to maintain, and folly to assert. Being written at various and distant periods, and rather hastily moulded anew just previous to his departure for India, it is somewhat desultory in its construction, and occasionally devious in its design. Its component parts are, at times, not well blended or aptly associated, and it displays a too frequent repetition of similar epithets. But these faults are amply atoned for by that infusion from the living fountains of inspiration which pervades and animates it throughout, and which will, when ages have gone by, still call forth the enthusiastic tears of fancy and of feeling.

No. VI.

Nunc veterum libris.

HORAT.

And blest "are they"—
Who gather nobly, with judicious hand,
The Muse's treasures from each letter'd strand.
O for that power, for which magicians vie,*
To look through earth, and secret hoards descry!
I'd spurn such gems as "Marinel beheld,
And all the wealth Aladdin's cavern held,
Might I divine in what mysterious gloom
The rolls of sacred bards have found their tomb:
"Beneath what mouldering fane, or turret hoar,
"Sleep the lost tomes of philosophic lore."

† FERRIAR.

WE left Colonel Burton and his daughter busily occupied in the examination of the library of Kirton Priory, which was in the highest possible state of preservation; exhibiting many manuscripts, as well as early-printed books, in all the various bindings of nearly two preceding

* Faërie Queene.

† It may be necessary to state, that Dr. Ferriar is not answerable for the lines in this quotation distinguished by inverted commas.

centuries, from the plain and ponderous coating of solid oak to all the gorgeous splendour of highly ornamented vellum, velvet, and morocco. The effect upon the eye, as the tinted light from the opposite windows fell upon this costly assemblage of intellectual wealth, was singularly pleasing; for it gave additional warmth and beauty, to tomes whose leaves presented to the front in the antique style, were often exquisitely painted, and firmly held together by gold and silver clasps or silken strings; or to volumes, whose backs of creamy whiteness, emerald green, or glowing crimson, were stamped, studded, or embossed, in all the forms which a capricious fancy, and a profusion of the richest gilding, could supply.

Nor was it long before Emily had detected some of her choicest favourites; before she had accumulated on the table the first two folios and the quartos of Shakspeare, the early editions of Spenser's Fairy Queen, the Tasso of Fairfax, the Pastorals of Drayton and Browne, the Sonnets of Drummond, and the Comus and minor poems of Milton; and when to these she had added the Froissart of Lord Berners, and the Plutarch

of North, she turned smilingly to her father, and observed, that, with the exception of books of devotion, she had now selected a noble repast for the winter months; such an one, indeed, as would preclude the necessity of unpacking her own small collection; for she had no doubt, that of volumes of a more serious complexion, there would, in this treasury of the Bellerdistons, be found no deficiency.

"I must confess myself," replied the Colonel, "to be in a still more enviable predicament; for I perceive here, not only what my own library contains, and you well know that it is not a confined one, but all that I have longed to see, and more than I had flattered myself was in existence. With all my enthusiasm for bibliography, and after all my researches into its hidden wealth, I did not dare to hope for such a mine as I have discovered here; for Sir Gregory and his ancestors appear to have collected every rarity from the dawn of printing to the present day. Independent of the earliest editions of the Classics from almost every foreign press, I am beyond measure delighted with the richness of this library in our own black letter

lore. Look at, and admire, my Emily, the venerable tomes of our Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson! behold these beautiful and perfect specimens of the "Order of Chivalry" and "Morte Arthure," two books, which I know you have read with great interest! Do they not, from their choice condition and unsullied state, from the amplitude of their margin, and the appropriate splendour of their coverings fascinate the very senses? What has been Sir Gregory's peculiar track of reading, I will not, from this cursory inspection of his collection, or of the folio catalogue of its contents which I find accompanies it, positively decide; but from the brief attention I have given to the latter, I should conjecture, that Divinity and Antiquities, Chronicles and Rural Sports, were, at least, among his favourite departments; for under the two former of these heads, appear to be registered every work from Latimer to Bishop Hall, and from Leland to Selden; while under the latter may be traced each choice morsel from Trevisa to Speed, and from Juliana Barnes to Isaac Walton! And I am the more induced to form this conclusion, as I perceive that, in the

library itself, many articles under these divisions are wanting; strong indications that wherever the worthy Baronet may be, these are the companions of his seclusion."

In passing this eulogium, however, on the book-treasures of Sir Gregory, the Colonel had forgotten to enumerate a few volumes on which he had placed his hands with more than common avidity. He had, in fact, found among these vast literary stores, a number of works peculiarly calculated to gratify his own taste. Not only had he occasion to felicitate himself on the discovery of some very rare productions in Bibliography, but he also had the singular good fortune, as he deemed it, of dislodging from its snug retreat, many a curious Dissertation on spiritual intercourse and superhuman agency; and it was difficult to decide whether he felt more rapture in drawing forth the *Philobiblion* of Richard de Bury, or the *Lux e Tenebris* of John Amos Comenius, of which the latter had been then published only a few months.

Whilst he was thus delightfully but intensely absorbed in appreciating the literary wealth

of Kirton Priory, Miss Burton, having arranged her little selection in such a manner as to admit of a ready reference to its contents, gladly seized the opportunity which the continued fineness of the morning afforded, to take a stroll into the park; and telling her father, with an arch look, that she did not doubt of finding him at his post on her return, she summoned Agnes to her side, and, tripping lightly through the hall, and across the great court or lower quadrangle, passed the portal, and entered the park by the avenue through which she had ridden the preceding night.

Than the scenery of this park, whose circumference was upwards of four miles, nothing could be more interesting and diversified. The ground was broken, and sometimes very abruptly, into hill and valley, glade and glen, and through a great part of it ran the mountain stream over which the travellers had passed in their way to the hall. Its desultory route was often darkly shaded with larch, and fir, and oak, now rising in masses from its excavated banks, and exhibiting

their wreathed roots below, and now springing singly from the clefts of rocks, whose scarred and fantastic fronts, matted with moss and lichens, had in various parts formed a channel for its course, and seemed to frown upon its fretted waters with an awful severity. Immense plantations of trees, evergreens, and deciduous shrubs, formed the boundaries of the park, concealing its limits, and connecting it with the surrounding country; while its interior was filled with groups of oak, and elm, and beech, more or less open or condensed, as the situation required; except that, here and there, a solitary oak, the growth of centuries, would lift its broad head to the storm, and, in itself a host, stand proudly shadowing the ground, and flourishing in a green and independent old age.

Through this varied assemblage of hill and dale, rock, wood, and water, where art had done little and nature almost every thing, Emily wandered with inexpressible delight. The scene was still further enlivened by numerous herds of deer, whilst distant views of a country, bold and romantic in its cast of

features, and with all the exhilarating accompaniments of farm-houses, villages, and spires, seemed but a prolongation of the immediately surrounding landscape at your feet. Seduced by the cheerfulness of the morning, and the ever-changing beauties which successively caught their admiration, Miss Burton and her female attendant had insensibly quitted the park, and, following the course of the mountain torrent, still foaming from the late flood, were gradually led into a deep glen, the sides of which were covered to the top with brushwood, while the sward at the bottom, some hundred yards in breadth, and green as an emerald, ranged along each margin of the water, as far as the eye could penetrate its windings. A few cottages, from which the smoke was ascending in spiry wreaths, lay scattered on the turf, and to one of these, somewhat larger than the rest, with the view of asking a few questions concerning the direction of the country, Emily bent her way. Its appearance on a near approach, after crossing a rustic bridge almost opposite to it, was not merely neat but striking, being

built beneath the shelter of a large elm tree, surrounded with a small but well-cultivated garden, and having a stone-washed front, with a roof of dark-brown thatch.

The footsteps of the strangers were heard as they entered the garden of this interesting-looking cottage, when, on the door opening, out rushed three beautiful children, two boys and a girl, ruddy with health, and with locks starting from their brow in rude simplicity. They were accompanied by their mother, a young woman plain and neat in her person, and obliging in her manners, who, having repressed the eager curiosity of her children, enquired if the lady would not enter in and rest herself. Confessing that she was somewhat weary with her walk, Emily thankfully accepted the offer, and was shown, together with Agnes, into a small room immediately beyond that in which the family dwelt. Here, whilst the good woman of the house was gone forth to procure milk and other refreshment, Miss Burton looked around her with no little astonishment; for the apartment, though low and insignificant in size, had

about it an air of taste, and even elegance, totally incompatible with the station and habits of its apparent possessors; it was stained with a light green, had a case of valuable and well-chosen books, and opened by a glass door upon a little lawn fronting a rocky defile which led from the glen into the upper country.

Upon the return of her hostess, whose milk was partaken of with many thanks, and with such further acknowledgments to the children, as excited at the same time both the gratitude and the curiosity of the poor woman, Emily ventured to enquire whither this romantic glen would lead them, and which was the nearest way to the Priory? "Ah, madam!" replied the poor woman in a tremulous accent, and turning somewhat pale, "you are one of the gentlefolks then who were expected last night at the great house." To which Emily assenting by a slight inclination of the head; "Ah, madam," she continued, "we lost every thing, no offence to your ladyship I hope, when the good Sir Gregory was driven forth from his own. He was a blessing, indeed, indeed, he was madam, to

all the country round. I know not what would have become of myself and my poor bairns, if, during my husband's illness, we had not been, as I may say, altogether fed and clothed by his, and his children's bounty. God shield them, wherever they may be, in these sad times! No offence, I hope, my lady?"

"Indeed, my worthy woman," answered Emily, "so far from giving me offence, I esteem you highly for the grateful heart which you seem to bear towards your late benefactors. But did your husband recover, and is he still living?" "Yes, thank God, madam, he is well and hearty, but frets almost as much as I do, when he thinks on what we have lost, both among old and young, at Kirton Priory. Just such an one as yourself, madam; pardon the liberty I take, was young mistress Jane Bellerdiston, Sir Gregory's daughter. Oh! the delight which she took in visiting and comforting the poor, in righting the orphan, and making the widow's heart to rejoice, will wend with her as a blessing all the world o'er. It would have done your

heart good, madam, to have seen her come among us; for, both in deed and shape, she was more like a ministering angel than aught earthly; and young Squire too, who was almost as kind as herself, we looked forwards to see him fill his father's place, and make the old hall smile, as it was ever wont to do, with mirth and plenty. But how am I running on! yet I trust you will excuse me, my young lady; for really when I touch on these matters, my heart's so full I scarcely know what I am about."

"You want no excuse with me, I assure you," returned Miss Burton; "and however unwelcome at first may be those who have apparently usurped the station and property of a family of such worth and respectability, I have no doubt that when the circumstances which led to our intrusion are known, we shall readily be acquitted of blame, and allowed the pleasing task of endeavouring to supply, as far as lies in our power, the loss of which you so justly complain. But have you no knowledge whither the Bellerdistons are gone? whether they have fled their coun-

try to place themselves under the protection of the son of their lamented king, or have sought a refuge in concealment at home?" "Lord, ma'am!" replied the trembling cottager, colouring violently, and then as suddenly turning pale as death, "how should such a poor body as I, know aught of such matters? To be sure I hear, now and then, from some of the late servants, who have grown gray in their master's service, and cannot pluck up courage to quit a neighbourhood where they have spent so many happy years, that the good old gentleman is well and safe from all his enemies; but they say likewise, ma'am," she continued, her countenance assuming an expression of great mystery and alarm, "that Kirton Priory has never wanted inhabitants since Sir Gregory left it; that strange sights and sounds have been seen and heard there at dead of night, and that the spirits of his fathers protect the old castle, for such it formerly was, against all but the rightful owners."—"Well, my good woman," replied Emily, with a smile, "we shall soon be able, as you may suppose, to ascertain the truth

of this report; but as we came hither, singular as it may appear to you, no enemies to the living Bellerdistons, I trust that the dead branches of the family will have no occasion to rise up in their defence."

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard in the direction of the defile, and presently the figures of two men were seen descending from its upper extremity, accompanied by some grey-hounds. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed the cottager in great agitation, "there is my husband and the stranger," and immediately throwing the door open, she rushed upon the lawn, hastening into the defile to meet them, with an eagerness and velocity which seemed to indicate a high degree of fear and apprehension. Astonished at the suddenness of this movement, which had precluded all question or interference, Miss Burton, after a few minutes' hesitation, determined upon stepping forward to meet the party, now, she observed, earnestly engaged in conversation, and slowly approaching. No sooner, however, was she perceived, than the stranger, as she concluded him to be, separated from his

companions, and passing by her with his dogs, as she stood at the narrow entrance of the defile, gave her a good opportunity of remarking, as he gracefully bowed to her, that his manner and appearance were such as plainly indicated a youth of superior station. He seemed about five and twenty; his person was elegant, and his features manly and expressive; he had on a frock or surcoat of pale olive-green, bound with a black belt; his hair flowed upon his shoulders, and he held a hunting pole in his right hand.

"To this young man," thought Emily, "whoever he may be, the room which I have just quitted, must at least occasionally belong," and she turned instinctively to ascertain whether his course was bent towards it; but, probably with the view of frustrating any observation of the kind, he had deviated abruptly to the right, and was soon seen at a distance in the glen, and considerably beyond the place of his supposed residence. In the mean time the cottager and his wife had come up, and the latter beginning an awkward and confused apology for having

left her guest so suddenly, Emily interrupted her by an assurance that it was a matter of not the smallest moment; and telling the former that she had merely stopped at his shed to enquire her nearest way to the Priory, he very civilly offered to be her guide through the glen; and bidding Margaret (for such was his wife's christian name) look to the children, who, by this time, were running over the lawn, and shouting with great glee to their parents, he instantly took the shortest path to the banks of the stream, followed by Miss Burton and Agnes.

This, which in dry weather seemed little more than a scanty rill, rippling and sparkling among weeds and wild flowers, was now seen leaping and thundering over broken rocks, or dashed into clouds of spray by precipitous falls; and it was not without some assistance and great caution, that, after a rapid descent of nearly two miles, our wanderers gained the stone bridge that had been crossed by Emily the night before; and which leading through the plantations, previously mentioned, to the foot of the avenue, from the

to

upper part of which they had entered the park about three hours before, soon placed them in safety, though fatigued by the unintended length of their excursion, at the gates of Kirton Priory. Here, after requiting the peasant for his trouble, Miss Burton hurried to the library, and found the Colonel still engaged in the search or perusal of his favourite volumes. Such, indeed, had been the absorption of his mind, that he started at her entrance, and pushing from before him the *Demonomanie* of Bodin on the one hand, and the *Disquisitiones Magicæ* of Delrius on the other, observed with a smile, that, as she had now broken the spell which had enthralled him for the last hour, he should be happy to accompany her for a walk; a proposal which was scarcely uttered, ere Jerome made his appearance to announce that dinner had been served up in the tapestry room according to his master's orders. "Dinner!" exclaimed the Colonel, "is it possible!"—"Why, my dear father," cried Emily, laughing, "I have been rambling over the neighbourhood for better than three hours; and, after

meeting with some wondrous adventures, in consequence of quitting the boundaries of the park, I expected to have found you, on my return, under the utmost anxiety for your lost daughter!" — "You astonish me," he replied: "yet my excuse is sufficiently ample; for who could have imagined such a scene of fascination as this — the library of a curious and first-rate collector beneath a roof where I did not dare to promise myself a leaf beyond the chronicle or romance of the day! But let us proceed; for I have now to tell you, that Jerome, having broken in upon me, during your absence, to enquire in what part of the house I pleased to dine; and mentioning, at the same time, that a connection existed between the library and the room where we supped last night, without any necessity of repassing the hall, I gladly ordered our table there, supposing, that, independent of this communication, you would prefer the apartment in question, at least for the approaching autumnal season, to the comparatively cold, but magnificent extent of the regular dining-room. And now, Jerome, once more marshal us the way we are to go:" a mandate which the officious butler

was happy to obey, and, passing through the stuccoed anti-room, he opened the pointed arched door opposite to, and corresponding with, that of the library, unfolding to their view a gallery running at the back of the hall, lighted by three handsome stained windows from the garden, and having a light groined roof. This terminated by admitting them, through a similar door, into the apartment they were seeking, a passage which in the room itself was perfectly concealed by the tapestry closing accurately before it, having iron hooks for the purpose of occasionally suspending it, either during egress or ingress, or for any length of time which might be required.

"With the convenience of this suite," cried the Colonel, as he drank his wine with more than usual cheerfulness by the blazing hearth-stone of Kirton Priory, "I am beyond measure delighted, and shall certainly occupy this as a family apartment, in consequence of its peculiar accommodation," pointing to the vista now open, and terminating in the library, "in preference to those in the upper quadrangle; but let me hear, Emily, what have been the adventures of the

morning to which you alluded on your return." This drew from Miss Burton a narrative of her ramble, in which she painted, in glowing colours, not only the striking features of the scenery which she had visited, but the manners and appearance of the youthful stranger whom she had encountered in the defile; inferring from what she had seen at the cottage, that he was the occasional, and probably the concealed tenant of its humble roof. "I think it very possible, my dear," said the Colonel, after musing for some time, "that the family whom we have succeeded, or at least some branch of it, may yet linger in the immediate neighbourhood, a circumstance which I——" here a deep sigh was distinctly heard. The Colonel started, and Miss Burton became pale as death. It was again, after an interval of a few moments, repeated still more audibly. "This is strange, my father," exclaimed Emily, in a slow and tremulous tone; "this is very strange!"—"It is but the wind, my love, escaping through some narrow crevice of this old mansion, or perhaps mourning along some concealed passage; it is even probable that the avenue to the

library being left open, may have occasioned this peculiar sound;" saying which, he stepped forward to the entrance of the groined gallery, and stood there rooted to the ground, with his eyes fixed on seeming vacancy, until, alarmed by his attitude and manner, Emily eagerly enquired what he saw? "Nothing," he replied, recovering, with an effort which was evidently painful; "nothing but what the distance and the obscurity of this twilight may have produced."—"Nay, my dear Sir, something more than common, I am sure, you must have seen, by the singular fixedness of your countenance."—"Why, to tell you the truth, I thought a figure of more than common size crossed the further extremity of the library; but it may have been one of the servants, or, what is more likely, a mere delusion of mine eyes; an infirmity, Emily, to which I have of late, owing chiefly, I think, to anxiety of mind, been more than ordinarily subject. But we will dissipate these illusions by immediate conviction;" and, ordering lights, he bade Robert and Jerome, for they both thought fit to attend the summons, precede them to the library; here, having made a per-

fectly satisfactory inspection,—"Let us now," he said, turning to his daughter with a significant smile, "select from these ample stores our entertainment for the evening, and, closing the doors as we retire, regale ourselves by the fireside, unmolested by the currents that must necessarily sweep through such a long and open range as this."

Emily accordingly grasping her folio Shakspeare, and the Colonel putting the "Lectiones Monorabiles" of Wolfius under his arm, they returned to their glowing hearth, securing each avenue behind them, and carefully dropping the tapestry as they re-entered their apartment.

"Now," said the Colonel, as he laid his ponderous volume on the table, "we are about to enjoy our first domestic evening within the walls of this venerable mansion;" and pointing to the servants where to place the candles, they were in the act of obeying his directions, when a low hollow groan seemed to pass through the room; the whole party stood aghast, listening with suspended breath; nothing further, however, disturbed the awful pause, until the Colonel, recovering from his astonishment, de-

clared his instant determination of ascertaining, if possible, whence the sound proceeded; and, ordering the men, whose hair had literally become erect with fear, to assist in lifting the arras, they most reluctantly applied themselves to the task, and, after a minute search, discovered a lancet-shaped door immediately opposite that leading from the library; but, though the bolts were not shot on the side next the room, they found it so strongly fastened without as to resist their united efforts. "I fancy," said the Colonel, turning to Jerome with an arch look, "this is a part of the house which your curiosity has not yet explored; and, I believe, notwithstanding my impatience to develope the mystery, we must wait until the morning's light, and the possession of tools, shall enable us to prosecute the enquiry with more success; in the meantime I will take care to prevent any intrusion more material than that which we have just experienced, by shooting these heavy bolts."

The delay came as a respite both to Jerome and Robert, the latter, although he had not been more than four-and-twenty hours in the house, having heard all the stories, and im-

bibed all the fears connected with the place; while the former, confessing that he had not dared to look into that part of the building, as supposing it led to the chapel where the strange lights had been seen, begged leave to observe, that possibly the groan might have issued from the Abbot's chamber over head; for he had understood that, a great many years ago, when the old abbey, of which the ruins still remained visible in the garden, was in existence, a dreadful murder had been committed in that very room; and ever since, it is said, the most piercing shrieks have been occasionally heard at midnight from the spot.

"We will talk more upon this subject to-morrow, Jerome; and do you, Robert, bring some more wood to the fire, and try, my lad, if you cannot venture hither without an escort from the kitchen; for, whatever goblins may infest the place, I am persuaded your bulk and sinews are a sufficient match for them;" an injunction which the latter obeyed with more bodily fear than if he had been marching to the attack of a battery of cannon.

"Upon my word, Emily," cried the Colonel,

as soon as they were left to themselves, "I begin to be apprehensive that we shall find this old Priory, notwithstanding all its literary stores and apparent conveniencies, no very comfortable place of residence; for, whatever may be the origin of the sounds which we have heard, or the reports in circulation, whether human or superhuman agency be at the bottom of them, it is alike annoying to be subjected to their influence. I am persuaded, however, as I mentioned to you last night, that this is but the commencement of a system of alarm, with the view of turning the intruders out; and I must really say, with a sense of humiliation on my own part, and of pity for yourself, that the scheme could not have been practised on two individuals more likely to suffer from its effects. But we have two consolations, my love, which should reconcile us, for a time at least, to the endurance of the evil; for, if the Bellerdistons be in the neighbourhood, and of this, I think, there can be little doubt from what we have heard, and from what has occurred to yourself this morning, they are the prime movers in this business, and will not, if their characters have been

justly delineated to us, carry it beyond the confines of humanity, more especially when they shall learn, as they doubtless soon will, our sentiments with regard to them. On the other hand, should these disturbances have arisen from more than human interposition, and I will not presume to affirm," continued the Colonel, his countenance assuming an expression of intense solemnity, "they may not, we shall at least be conscious that they can have no immediate relation to ourselves, otherwise than as we may be chosen as instruments for the accomplishment of some good and wise purpose, alike important to the interests of the living and the dead. At all events, it will be necessary for our own peace and quiet, to make a thorough investigation of the matter; for otherwise I am convinced it will be a difficult task to keep our household together. As to-day, therefore, we have been exploring this ancient pile from motives of mere curiosity and amusement, to-morrow we must resume the occupation under feelings of higher import, and more serious interest."

"My dear father," replied Miss Burton,

"I perfectly acquiesce in your sentiments with regard to the Bellerdistons, and in the necessity also of tracing to their source these mysterious transactions; but, in order to dissipate our chagrin, and interrupt the painful expectation of what may not again recur, let me beg of you to dismiss your own volume, and listen to the pages of my immortal bard; a recommendation, you will say, somewhat inconsistent; for who has equalled Shakspeare in the excitement of mysterious apprehension, and superhuman terror? True, but we must also recollect, that he is equally excellent in the delineation of humorous character and incident; and permit me now to fix your attention by a piece which, blending these latter features with the most lovely pictures of female tenderness and romantic attachment, is worthy of being deemed the last of his productions."

"You allude, my love, I perceive to the *Twelfth Night* of the poet," said the Colonel; "a play which undoubtedly possesses all the fascinations you describe; its comic scenes being touched with a rich and discriminative pencil, while its more serious parts possess a

sweetness, delicacy, and pathos, that steal with delicious influence over the heart. The character of Viola, indeed, is peculiarly calculated, from its modesty, sensibility, and patient endurance, to awaken the purest emotions of sympathy; and I do not, therefore, wonder that she is one of your most cherished favourites. The comedy is also a favourite of my own, not only from the qualities I have just mentioned, but from the striking attachment which the author has shown in every part of it, to the ballad poetry of his country, to those "old and antique songs," which

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones.
Do use to chaunt.

Of these, you know, I possess a large and highly-valued collection, containing, I rejoice to say, every song that has been quoted, or even alluded to, by the bard of Avon. We will, therefore, dedicate the evening," concluded the Colonel, as he lighted his pipe and adjusted

himself in Sir Gregory's elbow-chair, to the exhilarating pages of our beloved Shakspeare.

Thus passed the second night at Kirton Priory, and in the morning Emily, rising with the sun, resumed her cheerful employment of tracing the design and disposition, the windings and labyrinthal intricacies of the garden-grounds. Every step disclosed something to surprise or to delight; but, preferring the simple beauties of nature to all the adornments of art, she insensibly deserted the quaint but magnificent devices of symmetrical ingenuity for the freedom and freshness that dwelt on its confines; and, after pausing to admire the extent of the orchard, and the happy carelessness that marked the almost fortuitous growth of its trees, she crossed the little heath beyond it, green as an emerald, and venturing into the thicket, pursued her course along the banks of the stream, until, invited by the appearance of a glade, whose sides were varied with a more than common profusion of the choicest shrubs, she followed its windings to their termination in a small circular lawn. While entering this, however, she involuntarily shrank back on perceiv-

ing an elegant female form rise suddenly from a kneeling posture at the base of a marble pedestal in the centre, and, gliding like a meteor over the turf, disappear through an avenue in an opposite direction. Paralysed by so unexpected a vision, she stood for a few moments riveted to the spot; and when at length the powers of loco-motion returned, it was with difficulty that the interest of the scene overcame the fear of intruding upon a place apparently hallowed to privacy and sorrow. At last, with a timid and hesitating step, she approached what had appeared to her a monumental tribute; it was, in fact, a cenotaph of plain statuary marble, surmounted by an urn of the same material, and simply inscribed —

Lady Jane Bellerdiston.

The whole rested on a raised circular floor, consisting of a sheet of black marble, based on a more extensive one of the purest white, and skirted by cypresses, weeping willows, and sweet-scented shrubs.

"It was Jane Bellerdiston then," thought

Emily; "it was the daughter whom I have thus disturbed in an act of filial gratitude and pious recollection! Alas! how does it bring to memory my own lamented loss." The tear started with the suggestion, and bathed the marble at her feet. "Yes," she mentally continued, "it was here the affectionate girl was in communion with the spirit of her departed mother, deploring, no doubt, the fallen fortunes of her house, yet with humble resignation bowing to the storm that wrecks her! I must no longer interrupt an intercourse," she exclaimed, "so soothing and so sacred." Accordingly, hastening from the spot, she flew to rejoin her father, now fully convinced, that the supplanted family lingered not merely in the neighbourhood, but on the very threshold of their former mansion; a conviction which, while it brought with it some indefinable apprehensions, was yet brightened by many pleasing ideas, by many romantic and self-flattering expectations.

She found the Colonel busily engaged in collecting what might be necessary for the purpose of forcing the door which had resisted their efforts the preceding night; and, after a hasty

breakfast, Jerome and Robert being summoned to attend, they proceeded to the achievement; but lo! upon lifting the tapestry, which they now perceived had once been divided for the purpose of occasional suspension, as on the opposite side of the room, they discovered to their utter astonishment, the door standing wide open! an event which, being totally unexpected, occasioned a momentary pause, and the intrusion of some alarming conjectures. The interior, however, presented nothing but what was pleasing to the view and gratifying to the imagination. A gallery corresponding with that leading to the anti-room and library, but having windows on each side, conducted the eye, for every barrier seemed purposely left open, into an oratory, and through that into the chapel, the west end of which with its beautifully stained window and richly ornamented organ, placed on an arch some feet in advance of it, terminated the vista. Than the effect of this scene, thus suddenly and unexpectedly disclosed, few architectural arrangements could, assisted as it was by the casual circumstances of the moment, be more striking; for the sun shone

brightly, and the intermingling rays of tinted light, which streamed through the tracery in every direction, produced a luxury of light, a mellowness and warmth of colouring of which, without having actually seen it, no conception could have been formed.

After having stood for a few moments absorbed in admiration, Colonel Burton and his daughter, dismissing their servants, proceeded to examine the objects before them. The gallery, whose windows commanded views of the garden and the great court, led, as we have just mentioned, into an oratory, the singular beauty of which demanded and obtained a more than common share of their attention. It was of an octangular form, with a groined roof exquisitely fretted in meshes of a snow-white hue between ribs of black granite, and terminating in a low central pendant, boldly, though somewhat quaintly sculptured. The sides were cased with pale yellow-tinted marble, and pierced north and south with two lofty pointed windows, whose delicately ramified heads, and lancet-shaped compartments beneath, were glowing with the loveliest dyes of crimson and of purple,

the effect of which on the roof, the sides, and polished pavement, was such as to seem the work of enchantment. Nor were these the only attractions which graced this little oratory; for, over the arches leading east and west into the gallery and chapel, and in the otherwise vacant angle or compartment on each side of the two windows, were placed, in dark-stained alcoves, alabaster busts of Luther, Erasmus, and Melancthon, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer.

Passing forward to the chapel, they now discovered, that the door opening into it formed, when closed, one of three Gothic niches composing the eastern end or altar-piece. This termination, when seen from the western extremity of the building, had a bold and imposing air, the three arches or niches containing scriptural colossal figures executed in stone, while above them rose to a considerable height an admirably finished picture of the Crucifixion in oil colours; the light necessary for the whole, being distributed with the most judicious skill, through three circular or Catharine-wheel windows, which the loftiness of the structure had enabled the architect to introduce.

"I have never until this moment been able," said the Colonel, as he passed beneath the organ, and unbarred the western doors of the chapel, "fully to comprehend the arrangement and connection of this vast pile of buildings; but now, having penetrated through the entire of this right wing, I cannot but applaud the design upon which the whole has been constructed. You perceive, my love, that we are standing before the western front of the great court or quadrangle, the disposition and extent of which necessarily escaped us on our first arrival, the portal we then entered rising, you see, with massive dignity from a centre whose much loftier sides or wings are occupied by two noble Gothic windows, surmounted by towers, and these by light and elegant spires; the left portion of this screen being thus constructed, I presume, for the purpose of corresponding with the termination of the chapel."—"The effect is truly grand and striking, my father," replied Emily; "more especially when, descending into the avenue, the eye passes over the portal, thus beautifully flanked, and, glancing on the turrets of the central building, rests on the sta-

jestic towers which crown the eastern angles of the upper quadrangle. Yet, I confess, my gratification is, at this moment, principally excited by the pleasing discovery of a ready access to that noble instrument, my favourite organ, and by the hope that from all which we have just seen, we shall not in future be alarmed by circumstances or occurrences for which we cannot account." — "I entertain a similar hope, and I too feel gratified," remarked the Colonel, "in finding that the room which we had chosen for its size and situation, forms the centre of the wing, and has the further conveniency of being as nearly connected with the oratory and chapel, as with the anti-room and library. But let us hasten in; for a storm, I can perceive, threatens us from the north, and already heavy drops begin to fall."

"What a solemn and religious gloom pervades this beautiful chapel," thought Emily, as their sudden re-entrance from the outward air heightened the influence of the scene; "and look, my father," she exclaimed, "what a singular effect is produced by the recess or door we left open in the altar-piece!" The effect, in-

deed, was peculiarly striking; for, while every other part of this eastern extremity, over the painting above and the statuary below, fell a rich though sombre glow of tinting, the light within the oratory, rendered stronger by the contrast, sparkled with an effulgence, vivid not only from its comparative intensity, but from the brighter hues which accompanied its transmission through the elegant windows of that fabric. It was one of those accidents, in short, which Rembrandt would have transferred to his canvas with avidity, and which, though violating in some degree the repose of the scene, could not be viewed without admiration.

The impression, however, had been rendered still more effective by the rapid variations of a turbulent atmosphere; for, whilst the chapel was wrapped in ten-fold gloom by the sudden transit of a dark cloud, a beam from its broken edge had as suddenly illuminated the interior of the oratory.

Absorbed in the contemplation of this interesting contrast of light and shade, the Colonel and his daughter slowly proceeded up the nave, until, attracted by one of the monuments in the

southern aisle, which they had cursorily noticed during their short visit of the preceding day, they approached to examine it. Under a canopy of fret-work, lay extended the figure of a warrior in armour, bronzed and gilt, his hands crossed upon his breast, and a lion couchant at his feet. He reposed on a huge sarcophagus of marble, having a raised border, with the following scarcely legible inscription: —

Pray for the Soul of Sir Hildebrand Bellerdiston ;

while the compartment within rudely represented, in basso relievo, a knight driven forth from his castle by the intrusion of an armed force, and extending his shield as a protection over his children with one hand, whilst with the other stretched to Heaven he is appealing to its intervention for succour.

"This doubtless alludes," remarked the Colonel, "to some incident connected with the family and fortunes of the Bellerdistons during the fourteenth century; and, what is not a little extraordinary, this apparently disastrous episode in the life of Sir Hildebraud, would seem to

shadow forth with more than human prescience the present melancholy fate of his living descendants! But let us hope," he continued with a sigh, "that if the appeal in the former instance was not made in vain, and we must judge this to have been the case, from its representation on the tomb before us, in the latter a similar result will be the consequence of similar piety and resignation."

Scarcely had this sentiment escaped the lips of its benevolent author, when music of the utmost sweetness began to breathe as it were from beneath the ground on which they trod; the notes were at first low and intermitting, but gradually swelled into an expression of touching simplicity and pathos, extending as they rose, and stealing with a kind of magic undulation over the entire surface of the chapel. Fixed in almost breathless awe, and listening with a mixed expression of delight and astonishment, stood the Colonel and his daughter; nor, until the plaintive strains had sunk into a dying close, did they feel the capability of moving. Their first resumption of the power was to fall upon their knees; and their next act, to

offer mentally a prayer for the welfare and repose of the house of Bellerdiston. "This is no mortal business," exclaimed the Colonel as he rose, "nor no sound that the earth owes." — "It is, indeed, wonderful," cried Emily, as she glanced her eyes upon the organ; "I had at first imagined that this strange but delicious melody had issued from yonder instrument; but I am now convinced that the agency to which we owe it, whatever that may be, exists beneath us. But of this at least we may, I think, be assured, my father, that from no power evil or unfriendly to us could issue sounds so soothing and consolatory. I retire, therefore, not unwilling to return, nor apprehensive of again awaking tones so accordant with my own feelings, and with the hallowed place which gives them birth."

As she said this, they had reached the altar, and whilst turning, ere they passed into the oratory, to review a scene of such peculiar interest, once more were they struck motionless by a distant murmur of the same soft-breathing tones, which seeming to ascend, as before, from the bosom of the earth, at length stole upon the ear with a fascination, if possible, still more ten-

der and subduing. Tears involuntarily filled their eyes, and not until the last faint note had died away, did they wish to close the recess, retiring in a state of mind to which it would be difficult to affirm whether rapture or wonder had most essentially contributed.

(*To be continued.*)

No. VII.

There's something in the holy mind,
For ever felt, yet undefined,
So separate from without,
That, add to want the fever's rage,
Add ache and mockery and age,
You cannot root it out.—

I tell you, sufferings that embrued
The mangled frame in sweats of blood,
"Were but an infant's rod,"
When weigh'd against that holy joy
Which bursts the heart that dares to die
"A martyr for its God."

NEALE. *

ROWLAND TAYLOR, D.D. and rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, from the year 1544 to

* It is necessary to apprize the reader, that I have altered the second line of the quotation, in order to render it more appropriate to the subject of my paper. In the original, it will be found as follows:

I tell you, sufferings that embrued
The mangled frame in sweats of blood,
Were but a feather, weigh'd
Against the fulness of that joy
Which bursts the heart that dares to die
In country's victim maid.

1554, suffered martyrdom on Aldham Common adjacent to Hadleigh, on February 9th, 1555, for his opposition to the errors of popery, and his steady adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

Of this great and pious character it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too laudatory. He was, in fact, the perfect model of a parish priest, and literally went about doing good. During the reign of Edward the Sixth he continued the apostle of his town and neighbourhood, a blessing to his friends and to the public, zealously, and with exemplary ability, active in exposing the corruptions of the Roman hierarchy, and equally so in defending and propagating the purity of the reformed worship. Nor was this zeal accompanied with any the smallest degree of dogmatism or undue warmth; for, while, like many of the primitive disciples of Christianity, he was firm in rebuking the vices or the errors of the rich and powerful, he was, at the same time, like them, remarkable for his meekness and simplicity, for a tenderness and sympathy towards the poor, which

at once rendered him an object of their love and veneration. A charity, indeed, the most diffusive, was the prominent feature of this good man's character; and, accordingly, Fox tells us, that "to the poor that were blind, lame, sick, or bedridden, or had many children, he was a very father, a careful patron and most diligent provider." *

It was not to be expected, therefore, that when the bigoted Mary ascended the throne of these realms, a man so gifted, and at the same time so popular as was Dr. Taylor, should long escape the arm of persecution. Scarcely, indeed, had this sanguinary woman commenced her reign, when an attempt was made to celebrate Mass by force in the parish church of Hadleigh; and in endeavouring to resist this profanation, which was planned and conducted by two of his parishioners, named Foster and Clerke, assisted by one Averth, rector of Aldham, whom they had hired for the purpose, Dr. Taylor became,

* Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs, folio, vol. iii. p. 137. edition of 1684.

of course, obnoxious to the ruling powers, an event no doubt foreseen and calculated upon by the instigators of the mischief.

A citation to appear before Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor of England, was, on the information of these wretches, the immediate result of the transaction; and, though the friends and relatives of the Doctor, earnestly advised his non-compliance, and recommended him instantly to fly, he resisted their solicitations, observing, that though he fully expected imprisonment, and a cruel death, he was determined, in a cause so good and righteous, to shrink not from his duty: "Oh, what will ye have me to do?" he exclaimed; "I am old, and have already lived too long to see these terrible and most wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you; I am fully determined, with God's grace, to go to the Bishop, and to his beard to tell him that he doth nought." *

Accordingly, tearing himself from his weeping friends and flock, and accompanied by

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 138.

one faithful servant, he hastened to London, where, after enduring with the utmost patience and magnanimity, the virulence and abuse of Gardiner, and replying to all his accusations with a firmness and self-possession, and with a truth of reasoning which, unfortunately served but to increase the malice of his enemies, he was committed a prisoner to the King's Bench, and endured a confinement there of nearly two years.

During this long period, however, which was chiefly occupied by Dr. Taylor in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in preaching to, and exhorting his fellow-prisoners, he had three further conferences with his persecutors. The second, which was held in the arches at Bow-church a few weeks after his commitment, terminated in his being deprived of his benefice as a married man. The third, which did not take place until January the 22d, 1555, and was carried on, not only with the Bishop of Winchester, but with other episcopal commissioners, ended, after a long debate in which the piety, erudition, sound sense, and Christian forbearance of the sufferer was

pre-eminently conspicuous, in his re-commitment to prison, under a threat of having judgment passed upon him within a week.

This judgment was accordingly pronounced at a fourth conference on the 28th of the same month, the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, London, Salisbury and Durham, being present; when, on the Doctor again declining to submit himself to the Roman Pontiff, he was condemned to death, and the day following removed to the Poultry Counter. Here on the 4th of February he was visited by Bonner, Bishop of London, who, attended by his chaplain, and the necessary officers, came to degrade him. Refusing, however, to comply with this ceremony, which consisted in his putting on the vestures or mass-garments, he was compelled to submit by force, and when the Bishop, as usual, closed this disgusting mummery with his curse, Taylor nobly replied; "though you do curse me, yet God doth bless me. I have the witness of my conscience, that ye have done me wrong

and violence; and yet I pray God, if it be his will, forgive you." *

On the evening of this day he had the consolation of being joined by his wife, his son, and his tried domestic John Hull. They supped with him, and enjoyed the inexpressible comfort of addressing their united prayers to the throne of Grace. He then seized the last opportunity which, in all probability, this world could afford, of giving his advice to those most dear to him, recommending to his son, among many other equally valuable admonitions, what had been the predominant feature of his own life. "When God shall bless thee, my son," he said, "love and cherish the poor people, and count that thy chief riches is to be rich in alms." † They then mingled their tears together, and when the hour of separation came, he gave to his wife the volume of church service of King Edward, which had

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 143.

† Ibid

been his daily companion in prison, and to his son a collection in Latin of the memorable sayings of the old martyrs, inestimable, as containing, written at its close, the last farewell and testament of his father, the opening paragraph of which, as highly characteristic of the feelings of the parent and the christian, shall be given in his own emphatic words.

"I say to my wife and to my children; the Lord gave you unto me, and the Lord hath taken me from you, and you from me: blessed be the name of the Lord. I believe that they are blessed which die in the Lord. God careth for sparrows, and for the hairs of our heads. I have ever found him more faithful and favourable, than is any father or husband. Trust ye therefore in him by the means of our dear Saviour Christ's merits: believe, love, fear, and obey him: pray to him, for he hath promised to help. Count me not dead, for I shall certainly live, and never die. I go before, and you shall follow after, to our long home. I go to the rest of my children, *Susan*, *George*,

Ellen, *Robert*, and *Zachary*: I have bequeathed you to the only Omnipotent." *

The domestic virtues of Dr. Taylor may be said to have vied with his Christian graces; they have certainly thrown over his memory an interest peculiarly tender and endearing; they have given to the piety of the saint and the firmness of the martyr, additional force of attraction, the power of eliciting that sweet and mournful sympathy which, while it agitates, yet soothes and satisfies the heart. That he should be loved and honoured, therefore, by his family and friends with a proportionate degree of enthusiasm, was naturally to be expected, and perhaps the history of no martyrdom has placed this result in a stronger point of view, than the one we are recording. His wife, who had borne him nine children, appears to have been worthy of such a husband, and to have shared his sorrows and persecutions with a faithfulness and fulness of affection, and with a resignation and strength of mind,

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 141.

which reflect the highest eulogium on her character. Nothing, indeed, can place her fortitude and attachment in a more striking light, than the scene which in a few hours followed the separation I have just described.

It was on the morning of the 5th of February, 1555, at the early hour of two o'clock, that the sheriff of London, arriving at the Counter, demanded the person of Dr. Taylor, in order that he might commence his pilgrimage towards Hadleigh, the destined place of his martyrdom. It was very dark, and they led him without lights, though not unobserved, to an Inn near Aldgate. His wife, — and I shall here adopt the language of John Fox, which in this place, as in many others, is remarkable for its pathos and simplicity, — "his wife, suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away, watched all night in St. Botolph's Church-porch beside Aldgate, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth, of thirteen years of age (whom, being left without father or mother, Dr. Taylor had brought up of alms from three years old),

the other named Mary, Dr. Taylor's own daughter.

"Now, when the sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's church, *Elizabeth* cried, saying, 'O my dear father; mother, mother, here is my father led away.' Then cried his wife, *Rowland, Rowland*, where art thou? for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr. Taylor answered, 'dear wife, I am here,' and stayed. The sheriff's men would have led him forth; but the sheriff said, 'stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife,' and so they stayed.

"Then came she to him, and he took his daughter *Mary* in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elizabeth kneeled down and said the Lord's prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children.' And then he

kissed his daughter *Mary*, and said, 'God bless thee, and make thee his servant: and kissing *Elizabeth*, he said, 'God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and stedfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry.' Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland, I will with God's grace meet thee at Hadleigh.'" *

At eleven o'clock the same morning, Dr. Taylor left Aldgate, accompanied by the sheriff of Essex, and four yeomen of the guard, and after once more taking an affectionate leave of his son and servant, who met him at the gates of the Inn, he proceeded to Brentwood, where, in order to prevent his being recognised, they compelled him to wear a mask or close hood, having apertures for the eyes and mouth. Nothing, however, could depress the spirits or abate the fortitude of this intrepid sufferer in the cause of truth; for not only was he patient and resigned, but, at the same time, happy and

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 144, col. 2.

cheerful, as if a banquet or a bridal, and not a stake, were to be the termination of his journey. Yet he omitted no opportunity of exhorting both the sheriff and his officers, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to a reform, as well in their religion as in their lives; and such was the effect of his eloquence, as not only to call forth their tears at the time, but to induce the sheriff, when they reached Chelmsford, and were at supper, to use every argument in his power to persuade him to relax in his opposition to the tenets of Rome. "God hath given you," said he, "great learning and wisdom, wherefore ye have been in great favour and reputation in times past with the Council and highest of this realm. Besides this, ye are a man of goodly personage, in your best strength, and by nature like to live many years, and, without doubt, ye should in time to come be in as good reputation as ever ye were, or rather better. For ye are well beloved of all men, as well for your virtue as for your learning; and methinks it were great pity you should cast

away yourself willingly, and so come to such a painful and shameful death." *

The sheriff and his friends, including also the sheriff of Suffolk and his train, who had just arrived at Chelmsford for the purpose of receiving the charge of Dr. Taylor from his brother of Essex, then drank his health, pledging themselves, that if he would conform to the wishes of the Queen and Council, they would exert every nerve in his favour. "My masters all," replied the Doctor, taking the cup when they had successively drank to him, "I heartily thank you for your goodwill; I have hearkened to your words, and marked well your counsels. And, to be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself, and am like to deceive a great many in Hadleigh of their expectation!" a confession which greatly exciting their hopes, the sheriff of Essex, after expressing his high gratification with what had been already said, begged him, however, to be more explicit. "Well, then, my masters," said the Doctor,

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 145

"I will tell you how I have been deceived, and, as I think, I shall deceive a great many. I am, as you see, a man that hath a very great carcase, which I thought should have been buried in Hadleigh churchyard, if I had died in my bed, as I well hoped I should have done: but herein, I see, I was deceived: and there are a great number of worms in Hadleigh churchyard, which should have had jolly feeding upon this carrion, which they have looked for many a day. But now I know we be deceived, both I and they; for this carcase must be burnt to ashes, and they shall lose their bait and feeding*;" an answer which, from its tone of ease and pleasantry, placed his fearlessness and resolution in a more striking and determined point of view, than any more serious reply could possibly have done.

Nor was this the only attempt which was made during his journey to shake his principles and undermine his faith. When, under the conduct of the sheriff of Suffolk, they arrived at Lavenham, they found nearly all the gentle-

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 145.

men and magistrates of the neighbourhood assembled to meet them, and as the sheriff, probably with design, rested here two days, they had an opportunity of employing every effort to seduce him from the path he had chosen. Strenuously, it is said, did they labour for this purpose, not only declaring that they had a pardon from her majesty ready for him, but offering him also a Bishopric on similar authority, provided he would conform to the religion of his ancestors. Neither arguments nor promises, however, availed them aught; and, baffled by his firmness, they at length forbore to disturb the equanimity of his mind.

When within two miles of Hadleigh, appearing more than commonly cheerful, the sheriff was induced to enquire the cause. "I am now," replied the Doctor, "almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." He then demanded if they should go through Hadleigh; and being answered in the affirmative, he returned thanks to God, exclaiming, "then shall I once more, ere I die, see my flock, whom, thou Lord knowest, I have most dearly loved and truly taught."

At the foot of the bridge leading into the town there waited for him a poor man with five small children, who, when they saw the Doctor, fell down upon their knees, the man crying with a loud voice, "O dear father and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The whole town, indeed, seemed to feel and deplore its loss in a similar manner, the streets being lined with men, women, and children, who, when they beheld their beloved pastor led to death, burst into a flood of tears, calling to each other, and saying, "there goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! O, merciful God! strengthen him and comfort him;" whilst ever in reply, the blessed sufferer, deeply touched by the sorrows of his flock, kept exclaiming:—"I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." Such in fact was the sympathy, such the lamentation expressed by all ranks for his approaching fate, that the sheriff and his attendants were, as Fox declares,

"wonderfully astonished," and though active in threatening and rebuking, found it utterly impossible to suppress the emotions of the people.

As they approached the alms-houses, the Doctor scattered among the poor a part of the money which had been contributed by the benevolent for his support during his imprisonment in London, all pecuniary resources of his own having been early cut off by the deprivation of his livings. The remainder he placed in a glove, distributing it in equal portions to the poor alms-men who stood weeping at their doors to see him pass; but, when reaching the last alms-house he saw not its inhabitants at their door, he enquired "if the blind man and woman who formerly dwelt there, were alive;" and being told that they were alive, and within, he threw his glove and the residue of its contents in at their window, and rode on.

"Thus," says the ancient historian of our martyrs, "this good father and provider for the poor now took his leave of those, for whom all his life he had singular care and study. For this was his custom, once in a fortnight at the

least, to call upon Sir Anthony Doyl and others, the rich cloth-makers, to go with him to the alms-houses, and there to see how the poor lived; what they lacked in meat, drink, clothing, bedding, or any other necessaries. The like did he also to other poor men that had many children, or were sick. Then would he exhort and comfort them, and where he found cause, rebuke the unruly, and what they lacked, that gave he after his power; and what he was not able, he caused the rich and wealthy men to minister unto them. Thus shewed he himself in all things an example to his flock, worthy to be followed; and taught by his deed, what a great treasure alms is to all such as cheerfully for Christ's sake do it." *

They now soon reached Aldham Common, where perceiving a vast multitude assembled, he enquired where he was? and being told that it was Aldham Common, the place where he was to suffer, "Thanks be to God," he cried, "I am even at home;" and then, alighting from his

* Acts and Monuments, vol. iii. p. 146.

horse, he tore the hood from his head. It was now, for the first time since his melancholy return, that the people saw that face which they had been so long accustomed to love and revere; it bore, as might be supposed, the marks of suffering and of sorrow, and his beard was long and white as snow; they burst into tears, and the cries of "God save thee! Jesus Christ strengthen thee! The Holy Ghost comfort thee!" issued from every quarter.

The Doctor was now about to address the agitated spectators, when one of the yeomen of the guard thrust his staff into his mouth; and the sheriff, on being appealed to, bade him remember his promise, alluding, as is conjectured, to a pledge extorted from him by the Council, under the penalty of having his tongue cut out, that he would not address the people at his death. "Well," said the Doctor, with his wonted patience and resignation, "the promise must be kept;" and then, sitting down, he called to one *Sayer* whom he had seen in the crowd, and requested him to pull off his boots; adding with an air of pleasantry, "thou hast

long looked for them, and shalt now take them for thy labour."

He then rose up, stripped off his clothes unto his shirt, and gave them to the poor; when, trusting that a few farewell words to his flock might be tolerated, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy Word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." This being considered, however, as an infringement of his promise, a man of the name of *Home's*, one of the yeomen of the guard, and the only one of that body who had uniformly treated him with disrespect and cruelty, struck him on the head with a waster, saying, "Is that the keeping of thy promise, thou heretic?" treatment which compelling him to sit down, he knelt down and prayed; when a poor woman, starting from the crowd, stepped in and prayed with him, and, notwithstanding they endeavoured to thrust her away, and threatened to tread her down with their horses, she would not leave him, but continued to unite her prayers with his.

When he had finished his devotions, he went to the stake, kissed it, and placing himself in the pitch-barrel which had been prepared for him, he stood upright therein, with his back against the stake, his hands folded together, his eyes lifted to heaven, and his mind absorbed in continual prayer.

They now bound him with chains, and the sheriff calling to one *Richard Donington*, a butcher, ordered him to set up the faggots; but he declined it, alleging that he was lame and unable to lift a faggot; and, though threatened with imprisonment if he continued to hesitate, he steadily and fearlessly refused to comply.

The sheriff was, therefore, obliged to look elsewhere, and at length pitched upon four men perhaps better calculated than any other for the office they were destined to perform; namely, one *Mullen* of Kersey, a man, says Fox, fit to be a hangman; *Soyer*, whom we have formerly mentioned, and who was notorious as a drunkard; *Warwick*, who had been deprived of one of his ears for sedition, and *Robert King*, a man of loose character, and who had come

hither with a quantity of gunpowder, which, whether it were intended to shorten or increase the torments of the sufferer, can alone be known to Him from whom no secrets are concealed.

While these men were diligently, and, it is to be apprehended, cheerfully employed in piling up their wood, Warwick wantonly and cruelly threw a faggot at the Doctor, which hit him on the head, and likewise cut his face, so that the blood ran copiously down; an act of savage ferocity which merely drew from their victim this mild reproach, "Oh, friend, I have harm enough, what need of that." Nor were these diabolical insults confined to those among them of the lowest rank; for when this blessed martyr was saying the psalm *Miserere* in English, Sir John Shelton, who was standing by, struck him on the lips, exclaiming at the same time, "Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots; when Dr. Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon his God, and said, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." In this atti-

tude he continued, without either crying or moving, until Soyce striking him forcibly on the head with his halbert, his brains fell out, and the corse dropped down into the fire.

Thus perished midway in the race of piety and utility, all that was mortal of one of the best and most strenuous defenders of the Protestant Church of England; a man who, in all the relations of life, and in all the vicissitudes of the most turbulent periods, in the hour of adversity as in that of prosperity, practised what he preached. No individual was ever, perhaps, more beloved in his life or more admired in his death; for while of the one meekness, simplicity, and Christian charity were the leading features; of the other firmness, resignation, and undaunted faith, were not less striking characteristics. His was, on earth, that unspeakable consolation and peace of mind, which nothing but a sense of the highest duties of religion, nobly filled and sustained, amid persecution, and in torture, could impart; and his, no doubt, at this moment and for ever, is that boundless fruition, that perfect bliss, which lives but in the presence of the Deity.

For more than two centuries and a half, no other memorial existed on the spot where this holy martyr suffered, than the rude inscription in the note below *, cut upon an unhewn block of stone, and which, in the year 1739, was enclosed by the then rector, Dr. Wilkins, with an iron pallisade. †

To the poetical tributes, however, which have since been paid to his memory, and which are given at the bottom of the page ‡, I shall now

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1555.

* D. TAYLER IN DE
FENDING THAT
WAS GOOD AT
THIS PLAS LEFT
HIS BLODE.

† "The name of Rowland Taylor, the martyr, commemorated in Hadleigh church," says the Monthly Reviewer of Parsons' Monuments and Painted Glass, "is sufficient to render any place illustrious. We read with pleasure that an iron pallisade encloses the rough ancient stone, dated 1555, that marks the spot on which the body of that venerable man was consumed. We hope that every proper attention is still given to preserve the memorial of that intrepid friend to truth, liberty, and peace." Monthly Review, New Series, vol. xviii. p. 267.

It may be satisfactory to add in this place, that a new and strong iron pallisade, fixed in stone, now protects from injury both the recent monument and the ancient stone.

‡ Before the year 1793 the following inscription in black letter, on a brass plate, in a wooden frame, was suspended on a

venture to add two of my own composition. Of these, the first was written about eight years

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pillar over the rector's seat in the chancel of Hadleigh church and still remains in perfect preservation.

Gloria in altissimo Deo.

Of Rowland Taillor's fame I shewe
An excellent devyne
And Doctor of the civill lawe
A preacher true and fyne.

Kinge Henryes and Kinge Edward's dayes
Preacher and Parson here
That gave to God contynuall prayse
And kept his flocke in feare

And for the truthe condemned to dye
He was in fieryse flame
Were he received paynefully
The torment of the same.

And strongely suffred to the ende
Whiche made the standers by
Reioice in God to see theire frende
And pastor so to dye.

Oh Taillor were this mygthie lande
Uprightly here imolde
Thie deedes deserve that tale good to fynde
Were ipherred here in golde.

Obiit Anno Dni 1555.

ago, but has since, I trust, received many very material improvements. The second was sug-

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About the year 1780, the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D. D., when on a visit to his cousin, the late Thomas Gibbons, M.D., of this place, presented him with the annexed copy of verses, "On the Sight of the Stone lying on the spot where the Rev. Dr. Taylor suffered martyrdom by fire."

While pyramids their pearls in pomp display,
And boast what grandeur shrouds imperial clay,
While Gothic shafts in marble ranges show
What heroes, sages, princes, rot below;
Only this rock's rude fragment marks the ground
Where Taylor's race with martyrdom was crown'd.
When the archangel's trump shall rend the skies,
And bid the nations of the dead arise,
No bursting pyramid, no cleaving tomb,
Shall yield a form array'd in fairer bloom
Or more effulgent glory, than this field,
Where, with his blood, the truth the preacher seal'd;
Hence shall he rise triumphant in renown,
With palms celestial and the martyr's crown.

He also the paraphrased the old inscription:—

Here Taylor, in defence of what was good,
Pour'd out in fiery martyrdom his blood.
Go, and do likewise, should the times return,
Nor for the cause of God refuse to burn.

In the year 1791, the Rev. Dr. Aaron Hay Drummond, the present honoured and worthy rector of Hadleigh, set on foot a

gested by a subscription raised last year, in this place and neighbourhood, for the purpose of placing a pyramidal cenotaph on the spot where Dr. Taylor suffered. It was not written, however, until some months after that cenotaph, with its present very appropriate inscription,

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subscription in order to erect a more adequate monument of our reverence and admiration over the hallowed ground where his great predecessor perished. On the cenotaph supporting a pyramid of which this monument consists, and which rises at the foot of the old stone mentioned in the text, he has also placed the following inscription, endeavouring, as far as was possible, in so small a compass, the most material circumstances which occurred during the day of martyrdom.

Mark this rude stone where Taylor drunk repose,
Where zeal luxuriate drank the martyr's blood!
Hadleigh! that day how many a tearful eye
Saw thy loved pastor dragged in vesture by:
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past,
"To the blind pair" his farewell alms was cast.
His clinging flock o'er him around him prayed,
"Ah thou hast aided us, be God thine aid."
Nor taunts, nor bribe of mitred rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake;
Serene, his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like holy Stephen's, seek the opening skies.
There fixed in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views Truth dawn clear on England's bigot night.
Triumphant King! he bowed and kissed the rod,
And spar'd an seraph wing to meet his God!

had been erected; and then merely under the wish of leaving a more local tribute to the martyrdom of this great man, than what my former effort had produced.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE STONE

Where Dr. Taylor suffered Martyrdom.

STRANGER, approach this stone! Here Taylor fell,
Here laugh'd to scorn the ruthless powers of hell;
His name shall live, when years have swept away
The boast of kings, the deeds of regal sway:
Soon the pale marble, and the sculptur'd gold,
Time-worn shall moulder with the dust they hold;
Soon shall the warrior's blood stain'd laurels fade,
And wither sapless in oblivion's shade:
E'en learning's self, if void of virtuous aim,
Shall sink while watching by the midnight flame;
Yes, the proud victor falls, o'er thousands driv'n;
Genius must die, if uninspir'd by Heav'n;
But he who asks no plausive shrine or bust,
No fame save that which waits the good and just;
Who smiles, though writhing under misery's rod,
And bows submissive to the will of God,

Shall live for ever! though no trophies wave,
No bards sing paeans o'er his honour'd grave:—
For him no home boasts splendour's gorgeous bower,
No charm breathes beauty, and no magic power,
Far from this globe, upborne on seraph-wings,
Swift to his God, his rapture'd spirit springs,
And free, like Taylor, from all earthly leaven,
Soars and partakes the boundless bliss of Heaven!

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE SPOT

Where Dr. Taylor suffered Martyrdom.

Lo! this the spot once bath'd in Taylor's blood,
This stone the record of the great and good;
Here, 'mid the vot'ries of misguided zeal,
'Mid hearts that could not, or that would not feel;
'Mid fires enkindled by a bigot's pride,
The poor man's friend, the godlike martyr died:
Still from his ashes, o'er this hallow'd ground,
A holy rapture seems to breathe around,
That, whisp'ring sweet a sense of sin forgiv'n,
Lives in a foretaste of the joys of Heav'n,
Still loudly prompting that when life is past,
There we shall meet, beloved shade, at last.—

Ne'er to those mansions where the martyr'd rest,
Hath Faith exulting borne a nobler guest,
Ne'er with a Saint in Glory's realms more bright,
Hath meek-ey'd Seraph pass'd the Gates of Light!

No. VIII.

Ὦ πατρὶς, ὦ δῶμα τ' ἐμὸν.

EURIPIDES.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

MONTGOMERY.

THE *Love of Home*, or that attachment to local objects which have been intimately associated with the pleasures and affections of opening life, is a feeling, or rather, in-

deed, a passion which has been found to exist, in a greater or less degree, in every age and nation, and may, therefore, be deemed natural to, and, for the most part, adherent in man. It is moreover the basis of all the charities and virtues of our nature, and ever burns brightest in the breast of him who is the most tender, philanthropic, and humane.

It may, in fact, be asserted that he who has not strongly felt this domestic tie, will never, in any of the relations of life, be either happy in himself or useful to others; for on the love of home is founded that of his country and of his species, and without the first of these affections, which includes all the nearest and dearest affinities of our common kind, the heart must ever remain selfish, desolate and cold, and consequently void of all those sympathies which can stimulate to any social or patriotic feeling.

Seldom, indeed, and most fortunately for mankind, is an individual to be found, who is totally dead to all the relations both of country and of home; for such an one would be capable of every atrocity in the

annals of cruelty and crime. It has even been made a question whether a human being exists entirely divested of the less concentrated of these attachments, affection for his native soil:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, powers, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung. *

WALTER SCOTT.

* Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto the sixth, 8vo. edition, pp. 169, 170

But of this we may be certain, that he who flies not to the home of his youth with sensations of mingled gratitude and pleasure, has either suffered there from an unnatural series of persecution and pain, or is defective in intellect, or hardened in vice. Mere poverty and its attendant privations have no power in diminishing the force of this attachment; for, though the finer emotions of polished life be wanting, its too often enervating effects are escaped, and there is that pressure from sorrow and misfortune which, when the heart is uncorrupted, ever draws closer the links of family and kindred, and rivets with an impression ineffaceable by time, the localities connected with their soothing influence. The home of poverty, therefore, necessarily the lot of by far the greater part of mankind, is, to an extent perhaps little calculated upon by the rich and luxurious, an object of love and preference to its hardy inmates; and would be in a still higher degree, were the inflictions which so often haunt the roof of opulence, its listless vacuity, and heartless dissipation, more

present to their minds. Truly then did the Grecian poet paint the home of the honest and industrious peasant, when he gave him this emphatic advice:

> Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
> Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
> And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
> Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board,
> Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
> Wild on the river-brink or mountain brow,
> Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
> More heart's repose than all the world beside.*

It is upon this principle, therefore, the association of pleasurable ideas with the home of our earlier years, that every individual prefers his own country to a foreign one, and the spot of ground which gave him birth to any other portion of the globe, whatever may be the physical hardships or inconveniences attending them. Indeed it generally happens that the more forcibly these have been felt, provided they have solely arisen from the

* Vide Bland's Collection from the Greek Anthology: 8vo 1813, p 111. The epigram is ascribed to Leonidas.

influence of external nature, the more durable, the more dear and impressive become the mental combinations of opening life. It is thus that, in the language of one of the most beautiful poems of the present day,

The Briton still prefers his changeful shore
To Egypt's cloudless plains where no rude tempests roar.

Yes! o'er his acres the green barley blade
He values more than fields of clustering rice;
And rather shapes his way thro' plashy glade
Where crackles, at each step, the sheeted ice,
Than mid gay groves of cassia, that entice
The soul to pleasure, far diffusing balm:
To him more dear the oak-crown'd precipice,
Than the deep verdure of date-crested palm,
Where all is lap'd in ease, one languor-breathing calm.—

Not ivory palaces, their roofs inlaid
With massy gold, where thrones of coral glow
Starr'd with the gems of Ormuz; not the shade
Ambrosial, waving its peach-flowers that blow
To pearly grapes, and kiss the turf below,
The genuine son of Albion could induce
His dairy-meads, his fallows to forego:

Not all the fruits, that bloom o'er every sluice,
Would, in his mind, outvie the redstreak's vermeil
juice. —

Yes! — Home still charms: and he, who, clad in fur,
His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,
Would rather to the same wild tracts recur
That various life had mark'd with joy or woe,
Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow
To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair —
Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
To the white mosses of his hills repair
And bid his antler-train the simple banquet share.

All love their native spot; whether beside
Their ice-ribb'd mountains thro' a waste of night,
They catch the frost gales from the stormy tide,
And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noonday light,
Hail, from the crags, his faint reflected beams,
And slide o'er mouldering bridge, from height
to height,
Where pine or ebony, or benreed gleams,
To flout their huge-hewn planks, along the gulphy
streams. *

* Polwhele's "Influence of Local Attachment with respect to Home, A Poem in Seven Books," 8vo. 1794, [illegible] p. 13. et seq.

Many are the circumstances, indeed, which tend to modify, to strengthen, or to enfeeble, our attachment to home. Of these, one of the most operative is the period of life. In *Childhood* and *Youth*, where all is fairy ground, where the delightful illusions of hope and novelty are always in play, where the morning comes without a care, and the evening ushers in the bland repose of health and innocence, home, the seat of pastime and protective love, must necessarily induce associations, dear and durable as life itself. Here, unassailed by the temptations, vices, and suspicions of more advanced age, friendship is guileless and affection unalloyed, and whatever may be the lot of man in his subsequent pilgrimage, whether that of joy or sorrow, he looks back upon this season of his existence with never-failing regret, as upon visions of bliss which can never return —

Lost, gone — like wild flowers wreath'd around the dead,
Or lovers' lips that met to part for ever.

It is in proportion as the kindlier affections animate the bosom of manhood and old age,

as virtue and religion have been acted upon and cherished through life, that the home of early youth is valued and regretted as the scene which, in purity and simplicity, most approximates that which awaits us in a better world. More especially do we love to dwell upon those recollections of the home of our youth, when, in conjunction with the festivities of that tender age, we were first taught the joy of making others happy. A remembrance of this kind has been recorded with great beauty and feeling, by a lady whose heart was ever the chosen seat of the domestic virtues.

Dear Home—abode of love and heart-felt bliss,
Temple of peace, where discord never enter'd
With jarring note, to untune domestic harmony.
At thoughts of *thee*, the tear of fond remembrance
Steals with sad pleasure down this faded cheek.
There the kind feast of hospitality
Was spread by charity and christian love.—
There my young heart first learn'd the bliss of blessing,

When from my little hands, the rustic hinds
Receiv'd the *Christmas boon* — their grateful transport
Taught me to prize the peasant's simple joys.
There, little mistress of the fairy revels,
I led the *infant groups* of tiny minds;
Prescrib'd the play, or shar'd the fruit delicious,
The feast, the sport — all render'd doubly dear
By the sweet consciousness of fond indulgence!

MRS. HAMILTON.

In *manhood* the influence of local attachment, and consequently the love of home, whether in actual enjoyment, or in remembrance, is liable to be diverted and weakened by a thousand causes. The necessity imposed on the bulk of mankind, during this period, of seeking their [illegible] in various and distant places, amid the distractions of incessant occupation, or the pressure of engrossing evils; but more particularly the darker passions which now agitate the breast, and, in the higher classes, the apathising effects of luxury and dissipation, will easily account for this result. If we reflect that, to the

enjoyment of domestic happiness, many of the milder and nobler virtues of the soul are essential, we can easily conceive why ambition, avarice, and sensuality, why vanity, splendour, and the pride of affluence, are so inimical to its attainment; and that while these absorb the man, how futile it is to expect, within the shades of privacy, aught that is great, or generous, or good. Even he, who from the love of display, or from the obligation too often imposed upon grandeur, changes frequently his place of residence, knows little of that attachment which belongs to him who has but *one* asylum from the world;

> Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
> Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain.
> Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,
> And with the swallow, wings the year away.*

The close of life, however, like its commencement, is friendly to those feelings which

* Rogers's Epistle to a Friend, 4to. edition, p. 27.

spring from local affection. It is the privilege of *old age*, provided the days of our strength have been laudably employed, to feel the attachment for home renewed with all the fondness and endearment of youth. We have experienced the futility and nothingness of worldly pursuits, and we return to the homes of our youth well prepared to place a due value upon the innocence and simplicity of our opening days, and desirous of nothing so much as that the close of life may be marked by the same peace and repose which distinguished its earliest dawn. We are sensible also of an additional bond of affection for the place where our fathers are at rest, and with a sense of dependency somewhat similar to that which is felt in infancy, we look to those who are around us for sympathy and support. With what beauty and pathos is all this implied in the Scriptural story of Barzillai who preferred his "own place" to all the luxuries of a palace. "And Barzillai the Gileadite came down from Rogelim, and went over Jordan. Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even *fourscore years old*, and

he had provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahannim, for he was a very great man. And the king said unto Barzillai, Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day *fourscore years old*, and can I distinguish between good and evil? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the king, and why should the king recompense it me with such a reward? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that *I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of* My Father *and of* My Mother. But behold, thy servant Chimham, let him go over with my lord the king, and do to him what shall seem good unto thee. And the king answered, Chimham shall go over with me, and I will do to him that which shall seem good unto thee, and whatsoever thou

shalt require of me, that will I do for thee. And all the people went over Jordan. And when the king was come over, the king kissed Barzillai, and blessed him, and he returned unto *his own place*.*

Another circumstance operating strongly in augmenting our affection for home, is built on that intermixture of sorrow and disappointment which so generally forms the destiny of man. When the chill blasts of adversity meet us abroad, or death robs us of a portion of our comforts at home, it is then we become conscious of the weakness and instability of our nature, and we turn to that roof, or to those ties which remain to us beneath its shelter, with increasing tenderness and love. Wrecked in the tempest of human strife, we seek consolation even from the bare features of the spot which knew us once in innocence and peace, and we feel as did the Last Minstrel of the North, when he thus addressed his beloved country:—

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!

* 2 Sam. xix. 31, &c.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.*

Greatly also is the love of home advanced by the physical character of the scene which has nursed our infancy and youth. The more striking and singular this has been, the more vivid and endearing will be the impression left upon

* Lay of the Last Minstrel, 8vo. p. 170.

the mind. It is on this account that a sequestered but picturesque situation, or a piece of mountain scenery, or a feudal castle, will be recollected, as the place of our birth, with infinitely more strength and attachment than the home which shall have fallen to us in a populous city, or busy neighbourhood. The breadth, simplicity, and unity of the former being much more easily blended and associated with our feelings and recollections, than the multiform and distracting imagery of the latter, and which too, as shared with us by thousands, loses all that peculiarity and singleness of application which attaches to and endears the solitary mansion of our fathers.

It will be found, therefore, that in proportion to our field of domestic reminiscence in scenery such as this, and especially where the influence of family property has been long felt, will be the energy of the ties which bind us to our home. The subject is one of the loveliest in the realms of poetry, and its further illustration will be best drawn from a few of its delightful pictures.

The home-felt attachment of the aged peasant who cultivates "the farm that his grandfather tilled," and inhabits a secluded cottage rising near the ruins of an ancient abbey, in whose traditionary history he is well versed, is thus admirably painted by Mr. Polwhele:

Lo! he could trace on Buckfast's sacred ground
While his low chimney from an ivied nook
Curl'd its grey cloud, the abbey's hoary bound,
And point where once, ere fate the chapel shook,
Each father op'd the brass-embossed book,
Or noted the cellar's space — to show how vain
All monkish joys; where now the passing crook
Fills, widely-branching, the wet shadowed lane;
And rough-gambadoed squires the genial spot profane.

Oft from this ruin, thro' the narrow dale,
He hears the struggling boughs to Eurus crash,
Where, o'er the tuftings of the low sweet gale,
From broken crags above, the light-leav'd ash
Streams pendulous, and torrents, as they wash
Its whitening roots, foam round with fretful search,
Or sparkles from the deep-bas'd granite dash;

Whilst the pale purple of the spiral birch
Skirting the distant view, half-hides the steepled
church. —

Oft would he cry: "that walnut waving wild,
"My grandsire planted by the torrent's foam:
"I grasp'd its feeble stem when yet a child:
"It quiver'd, as he heap'd the glowing loam.
"E'en from my grandsire's days, averse to roam,
"Here have I turn'd, each year, yon sloping ground;
"And met the jocund hinds at harvest home;
"And bade on the heap'd floor the flail resound,
"And press'd my orchard fruit within the reeking
pound.

Tho' now he droop with age, his friendly staff
Aids him to climb yon hillock, and inhale
The breeze of health, and fresh-returning, quaff
Still whole at heart, his cup of spic'd ale,
And on his wholesome sallads still regale;
When as his children's children round him lisp,
Their fancies he delights with many a tale
Of Mab the fiery, or of Will-o'-wisp,
Or fills their liquorish mouths with racy pippins
crisp. *

* Influence of Local Attachment, Canto 6th, 8vo. edition, p. 66, et seq.

Still stronger is the impression, and the consequent links of association, where the scene which formed the cradle of our infancy, and has become the theatre of our toils, assumes a still bolder and more decided cast; a fact which is daily exemplified by the inhabitants of mountainous districts, who are uniformly more attached to their native soil than those who people the level country. Such, indeed, is the force of the attraction which is often found to bind the peasant who has been brought up among regions of wild and awful sublimity, that a separation from his beloved hills is frequently followed by unconquerable regret, and not seldom by death itself. More particularly is this known to be the case in that land of wintry tempest and romantic horror, —

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;

and most exquisitely has Goldsmith pictured the power of this patriot passion, and enforced it by

imagery of ever-during life and beauty, when he tells us, that in this rough clime —

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all —
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten in the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, hither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more. *

Another very powerful cause of local affection is founded, as hath been already hinted, on the love and pride with which we regard what has long been in the possession of our own family: hence, an old mansion or castle, which has for ages been the seat of our fathers, must, in every breast open to a sense of man's true happiness and dignity, awaken the warmest estimate of the blessings of ancestral worth and honourable independency. Hereditary property, indeed, if united to a lineage of great and good deeds, is one of the strongest incentives to domestic virtue and public utility; and he who has a just value for himself and his descendants, would struggle hard, and endure much, to preserve to his posterity a possession connected with so many delightful and heart-stirring associations.

* See his Traveller.

So felt a poet of the present day, the descendant of a very ancient patrician family, and whose bosom seems peculiarly alive to all the generous emotions which flow from this interesting source of local attachment, when he wrote the following lines: —

Thou must not be another's, O my home!
Here, where my infant children's voices shrill
Thy spacious halls with constant echoes fill,
From the rude stranger sacred be the dome! —
When all this numerous race, that sport around,
Shall with their parents low in earth be laid,
Still may their children's children here be found
To own this pile, and save yon growing shade!
"Here," may they say, "our grandsires dwelt of yore;
"And here they nurs'd the Muse's sacred lore!" *

In no instance does the local flame burn brighter than where the ties which bind the feudal proprietor and his dependants have been long established; where the family of an here-

* Poems, by Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, 12mo, 4th edition, p. 46.

ditary chieftain has for ages, from his towers of strength, extended a patriarchal sway over districts filled with retainers, ardent, faithful, and affectionate, and whose honour and interests are identified with those of their lord.

The love of home may indeed be considered as a test of the goodness of the human heart; for without it, we again repeat, neither the domestic nor patriotic virtues can be said to exist. It is of all our feelings the most generous and amiable, and, if duly cherished, will ever prove one of the best preventives of vanity, selfishness, and dissipation; of discontent, turbulence, and disaffection. Home is the haven to which, after all the storms and vexations of life, we return with the added conviction, that if happiness be any where resident on earth, it is only to be found within its still retreats, when vice and folly stand aloof, and when the soul, uncontaminated by its passage through the world, can prepare in peace, and in the sunshine of domestic love, for that not dreaded hour when the frame it now informs shall mingle with its parent dust.

No. IX.

Ye towers, that long have rais'd your sounds sublime,
Firm and unshaken 'mid the storms of time!
Ye halls, that oft with echoing sounds have rung,
When the rude minstrels tales of heroes sung;
When Feast, and Hospitality, and Mirth
Of Mirth went round, the genial goblet o'er;
Where still the blazing hearth, at Christmas-tide,
The frost and snow, and wind and rain, defy'd;
And Ease at loaded boards, the village crew,
Still to their lord in closer union drew!
Ye rooms, where poets nurs'd their golden dreams;
Where statesmen fram'd their country's glorious schemes;
Where wits their brilliant rays were wont to dart;
And beauty's radiant "eyes" to melt the heart!
"O, how I love your faded forms to trace,
"Wrapt in the dreams of other days!"

Sir SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. *

LEISURE for reflection on what had passed, was the natural wish of Colonel Burton and his

* It may be necessary to state, that for the two last lines of this motto Sir Samuel is not strictly answerable.

daughter; but scarcely had they reached their apartment, before a servant entered to announce the arrival of a stranger; who, on asking for his master, had, he said, been shown into the library. Thither, therefore, the Colonel hastened, and was much struck by the appearance of an elderly gentleman, whom, from his dress, he concluded to be a clergyman. There was something, indeed, highly prepossessing in his aspect and manner; he was tall and thin and pale, but with features in which intelligence, benevolence, and mildness of temper, were strongly depicted. A few scattered locks, which time had turned grey, shaded his temples, and as he leant somewhat bending upon his cane, humanity herself could not have pitched upon a countenance and figure more declaratory of feelings which do equal honour to the head and to the heart. He advanced to meet the Colonel, apologising for the trouble he was about to give him, not on his own account, but on behalf of the late worthy possessor of Kirton Priory, for as such he felt it to be his duty, on every ground, to describe him.

"I request, Sir," said Colonel Burton, with

great courtesy, "you will take a seat, and be assured that few things can afford me sincerer pleasure than in contributing to alleviate the misfortunes which have so suddenly, and, I will add, so undeservedly befallen the ancient house of Bellerdiston." The hectic of a moment, the involuntary indication of a transient resentment, flushed the cheek of the stranger; but was presently succeeded by a look so mildly and mournfully reproving, as instantly to call to the Colonel's recollection, that the declaration he had just made, could not, as coming from a person circumstanced as he then was, apparently a chief instrument in the ruin which had occurred, but prove highly offensive. "I perceive, Sir," he continued, "nor do I, upon reflection, wonder at the result, that I have been too hasty in the expression of a sentiment which, situated as I now am, must appear liable to the charge of insult or hypocrisy. But you will pardon me when you learn, that I am here not by choice, but by compulsion, a reluctant occupier of property to which I have neither claim nor pretension, and which, I am conscious, ought not to have been transferred."

He then succinctly related the circumstances which had, in fact, obliged him to submit to the arrangements of the Protector; adding, that he should esteem an interview with Sir Gregory, if still in the neighbourhood, as a matter of moment to the interests of both, affirming once more his readiness to do all that at present lay in his power to mitigate the evils in which he had been an unwilling agent; and concluding with the expression of a wish that he might know to whom he was indebted for the honour of the application.

"My name, Sir," replied the stranger, who had listened with profound attention to the Colonel's narrative, "is Melville; and, since you have been thus unexpectedly open and explicit, I will further add, that I am, or rather was, chaplain to Sir Gregory Bellerdiston, and formerly vicar of Kirton. I am not at liberty to disclose the present retreat of my patron, nor can I positively say that the interview which you think necessary, would be vouchsafed; but of this I am certain, that Sir Gregory will be highly gratified to hear that his mansion and estate have not fallen into the hands of a rigid

puritan or unprincipled republican, but into those of a gentleman who, though he has acted a prominent part in effecting the late revolution, at length sees the ruinous tendency of the measures he had supported, and can feel for an old man grown grey in the service of his king and country, and who has sacrificed his all in the defence of a beloved and persecuted monarch. As to the express purpose of my visit, Sir, you will readily suppose, that Sir Gregory, unconscious of the liberal character of him whom I have had the gratification of discovering here, would disdain to solicit either favour or compassion from the apparent enemy of his house and family. I have, therefore, called, Sir, merely to trouble you with a claim for a few manuscripts and books which my unfortunate friend had selected, but had not time to remove; and I am further commissioned to present you, as I do now, with the key of the coffer in which they are enclosed, that, should you think proper, you may ascertain the nature and value of the property demanded."

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the Colonel, gently pushing back the extended hand of Mr.

Melville, and feeling slightly offended in his turn, whilst the tears, at the same time, started in his eyes, "tell Sir Gregory that I consider myself as but the temporary guardian of his interests and estate; that since, for obvious reasons, as essential to his safety as to my own, he cannot, at present, re-appear under this roof, I do request that he will send for whatever he may esteem necessary to his convenience or comfort. I can heartily sympathise, I assure you, Sir, with the man who has been driven from such a scene as this," pointing to the books; "for, from the rarity and value of the collection around us, and from the character of the claim which he has just made, I have pictured Sir Gregory to myself as as great an enthusiast in the accumulation of intellectual wealth and curiosities, as I am proud of professing myself to be. Behold you splendid Aldine Homer! Look at that lovely Spira Virgil, the breadth of its margin, the snowy whiteness, and unspotted beauty of its delicious vellum, and tell me what must have been the pangs of the collector who was forcibly and un-

expectedly, and apparently for ever separated from treasures choice as these?"

The eyes of Mr. Melville sparkled with rapture as this burst of bibliographical enthusiasm escaped the lips of Colonel Burton. "How astonished, how delighted," he cried, unconsciously seizing the Colonel by the hand, "will my excellent friend be, by tidings of a spirit so congenial with his own; in the man too whom his fears had drawn as a stern and relentless soldier, the triumphant violator of his peace and property, rude, harsh, and illiterate. But let me add, Colonel Burton, what, I now think, it is probable you may have anticipated, that Sir Gregory's taste and love for books, have been ever, as is usually the case, associated with the best and mildest virtues of the heart; that he has, through a long life, been uniformly hospitable, charitable, and pious; and that, in spite of the factions and discrepancies of opinion which so unhappily divide and convulse our religious and political world, he is descending to the grave beloved not only by his friends and neighbours, but by every good man who has

known him, whatever may have been their difference as to party or to creed."

"I do most sincerely believe you, Sir," said the Colonel; "for, though previous to my coming hither, I knew nothing of Sir Gregory but what his public character afforded, which was that of a staunch assertor of his sovereign's rights; yet I am persuaded, not only from what you have been pleased to communicate, but from all that has transpired since my arrival in this place, a period but of three days, that his private life has been a blessing wherever its influence extended. Let us hope, therefore, that the time is not far distant when this noble mansion shall be again cheered by the presence of its legitimate lord; for I may venture to assure you, from sources of information inaccessible to the public, and more especially to your side of the question, that the present form of government cannot long maintain its ground; and that should any thing happen to the person of the Protector, whose health is daily giving way to the inroads of disquietude, no adequate successor will be found in the bosom of his own family. In the mean time I trust Sir Gregory, if

he be still in the neighbourhood of Kirton Priory, will permit me to alleviate, as far as lies in my power, the dangers and difficulties of his situation. You, Sir, from your profession, and the confidential station which you have long held beneath his roof, must necessarily have much influence over his mind, and to your good offices I appeal for an opportunity of rendering my wishes effective; and to prove to you, Mr. Melville, beyond what mere words can supply, the sincerity of my sentiments, I will further say, that I am desirous of restoring, in yonder beautiful chapel, the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church. This, I think, I can do without irretrievably committing myself with the ruling powers, as the celebration will be confined to my immediate household, the members of which I have taken good care not to select from the class of fanatics; and should you, Mr. Melville, not be unwilling to resume, under such auspices, your clerical functions, as the chaplain of Sir Gregory, I need not add, that I shall esteem myself peculiarly happy in being able to reinstate you in a part at least of your important duty."

"If any thing were wanting, Colonel Burton, to convince me of the sincerity of your profes sions," replied Mr. Melville, "the proposal which you have now made, would be fully sufficient; and I beg you to accept my warmest acknowledgments, both for the confidence which you have reposed in me, and for your kind offer of replacing me in that holy temple, where, for more than forty years, I have, I would fondly hope, ministered to the piety and devotion, and if so, to the eternal welfare, I trust, of an ancient and honourable house. But in this instance, as in that of the requested interview, you must allow me to refer to the wishes of my venerable friend, and be assured that no exertions on my part shall be unattempted to bring about an intercourse, if it can be done with safety, between two families in many respects so congenial in their sentiments."

"You will, I have no doubt, Sir, in so doing, consult the interests of your patron, and you will likewise, I am persuaded, very materially contribute to my comfort, and the peace of my establishment, by the resumption of your sacred office, not only as we shall derive the

customary consolation and assistance from the immediate exercise of the duties connected with it, but as the performance of these will, in all probability, very powerfully contribute to dispel certain superstitious fears and terrors which have seized upon the whole of my household. These impressions, partly arising from tales circulated in the neighbourhood, and partly from occurrences within the Priory itself, were, in a great measure made during the few weeks my servants were here preparatory to my coming. But I must confess, although at the risk of exciting a smile of derision, that circumstances of a nature so mysterious have fallen within my own notice, even in the very short period since my arrival, that I feel disposed to make every allowance for their apprehensions. Now, whether these visitations are to be attributed to the zeal and machinations of Sir Gregory's late domestics and retainers, which I the rather suppose, or whether, in pursuance of purposes inscrutable to us, they are really the result of superhuman interposition, for I am not sceptic enough, Mr. Melville, to deny the possibility of such agency, in either case your interference cannot but be of

essential service, more especially as the chapel and the adjacent buildings have been the principal seats, I understand, of these extraordinary events."

The countenance of Mr. Melville underwent a peculiar change during the latter part of this address; there was in it an expression of studied solemnity, beneath which however, symptoms of hesitation and confusion were distinctly visible; and before he could arrange his reply, Colonel Burton, to his great relief, proceeded to relate what had occurred to himself and his daughter that very morning in the chapel, concluding his account with a declaration of his intention to sift the matter thoroughly to the bottom; for, added he, whether it proceed from human contrivance, or super-human power, I am alike interested in the ascertainment of its cause and object.

"I do not presume to affirm," replied the Rev. Gentleman, "that, for purposes unattainable by natural means, immaterial agents have never been employed: but this, I think, I may venture to say, that almost

generally, incidents of the nature you allude to, originate in the art and design of man. It is, indeed, true, that much legendary and romantic lore is interwoven with the early history of this ancient house, and I have heard some wild and terrible tales, and listened to many narratives of strange sights and disturbances, as connected with the state, or what is here termed the abbot's chamber, and the adjoining ruins of the old abbey. But if attachment to the house of Bellerdiston be, as I suspect, the chief source of these marvels, I think I can promise you, Colonel Burton," he continued, with a smile, "that the report which I shall have the pleasure of circulating among the faithful adherents of that house, will contribute much, and without any further enquiry on your part, to their permanent dispersion."

"It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, Sir; for though, in consequence of a peculiar tract of study, I feel an eager and restless curiosity in the developement of any agency apparently connected with

another state of being, yet have I found the indulgence injurious to my health, and productive of an excitement of imagination over which at times, I am almost ashamed to say I possess too little government or controul. But, dropping this subject, if you will now be so good as to point out where the books and manuscripts you mention are deposited, I will take care they shall be forthcoming, whenever you please to send for them; yet, I confess, it is somewhat odd that neither I nor my butler, whose impertinence has led him to put his nose into every corner where, his fears would allow him to enter, have ever discovered this precious coffer."

"There are many places in this old Priory, Colonel Burton," observed Mr. Melville, with a significant look, "many passages and covered retreats, of which as yet you can have no conception. Chance or information will, no doubt, in time lead to their detection; but in the mean while, I will commence the career of discovery, for long residence here has given me a claim to this

distinction, by carrying you instantly to this asylum of hoarded erudition. We have not far to travel, for behind these presses lies a passage concealed in the thickness of the wall, to which the central compartment forms an entrance, being furnished, as you perceive, with an interior case, that sliding easily backwards with all its contents upon a groove, and being then admitted by a similar contrivance into a lateral channel running behind the book press on the left, unmasks a low door in front. Through this door," (for the action necessary to the disclosure had accompanied the words,) "we will now, Sir," said the chaplain, "if you please, pursue our way." A passage on either hand, barely sufficient for the admission of one person, appeared on unlocking it; that on the left secretly communicating, as Mr. Melville told the Colonel, with a range of chambers on the eastern side of the hall, while the one on the right led to the place of their destination. This they accordingly traversed and in the dark, for nearly fifty feet, when it terminated at the foot of a small stone stair-case, which winding in a

spiral form lighted by narrow loop holes, conducted to nearly the summit of the south-eastern tower, where a second door being thrown open, they entered a low room about ten feet square, in the centre of which stood an iron-bound oaken chest, of dimensions so great, as must necessarily have enforced its fabrication on the place it occupied, and whose date, yet apparent on the massy cover, told of its existence for three centuries back.

"What could have been the motives which, in ancient times, led to the construction of these secret and intricate communications, I will not presume to determine," observed the Colonel; "but they appear to me well calculated to forward either the intention of violence or espionage, and until they are completely laid open, I shall feel, I am persuaded, as if watched or overheard in every quarter of this vast mansion."—"It is probable," replied Mr. Melville, "that when, ages ago, a monastic establishment existed here, these contrivances might be thought necessary for the better regulation of a large fraternity; and when, under the plastic hands of the Bellerdistons, who were

first the priors, and then the lords of Kirton, this part of the old structure, for a portion still remains in ruins, gradually assumed its present appearance, a mixture of the castellated and ecclesiastical styles, they were retained, I believe, as curiosities, as features of the days of yore. This very room, which has three beneath it, with an open stair-case leading to them, is lighted from above through the leads, as you perceive, so as to give no intimation, of its existence to a spectator below, and was, there is every reason to suppose, originally formed as a repository of secret wealth; its apparent security inducing Sir Gregory to fix upon it as a place of safety for his favourite books and family papers. Of these, Colonel Burton, I shall now, however, merely take away a few manuscripts and deeds, leaving the rest under your protection; for you have obtained such a claim upon my confidence, that I will unreservedly confess my principal object in coming hither was to ascertain, as far as I could, your character and views. Had they been of the description usually found among the military zealots under

Cromwell, you would neither have visited nor heard of this secluded room, and other measures would have been adopted than can now for a moment be entertained."

"Well, Sir," exclaimed the Colonel, "considering your situation, and that of your patron, I freely pardon the attempt; but I am all impatience to set at liberty these favourites of Sir Gregory. Do let me assist you in raising this ponderous lid — ah! what delicious vellum copies have we here?" — "These, Sir," said the chaplain, "though not numerous, are the result of many years' accumulation; for Sir Gregory, in the morning of life, united to a love for books, an ardent passion for the sports of the field, and has here brought together every work on Hawking, Hunting, Coursing, Fowling, and Fishing, which the early presses of his country have produced, such as are now becoming rare, and will one day, I may venture to predict, prove invaluable." — "Sir Gregory, Sir," cried the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "is a noble fellow, a man after my own heart! Would

that he were here, that I might clasp him to a soldier's breast, and tell him so! But he must, he shall be here: I will not rest until he is restored to the patrimony of his fathers!"

"My dear Sir," replied Mr. Melville, the tears starting as he spoke, "I love your generous ardour; but we must proceed with great caution. One hour has made a complete and most unexpected revolution in our views and plans; and as, instead of wishing you any where but at Kirton Priory, it must now be the object of the Bellerdistons to retain you here as long as possible, it is obvious that the discovery of any intercourse between you and Sir Gregory's family must be carefully avoided, as inevitably leading to our arrest and your removal; events which would, as things are now circumstanced, defeat our hopes, and intercept your benevolent intentions."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Melville," replied the Colonel, after a pause; "and I willingly submit to any arrangement which you may think necessary in behalf of your friends." — "You will then, in all probability,

Colonel Burton," returned Mr. Melville, "not hastily see me again; for there is little doubt but that Sir Gregory will consider the resumption of my clerical functions in the present aspect of our affairs, as attended with considerable danger. Yet, be assured I will take the earliest safe opportunity of introducing two such families to each other: indeed, I apprehend, the great difficulty will be rather to prevent a premature intercourse, than to hasten the period of its occurrence; for I will so far commit myself as to say, that the distance between you as to residence is already so trifling that, with the knowledge which you will soon mutually possess of each other's character and views, it is easy to surmise the precautions necessary to preclude an accidental meeting, will not be very sedulously attended to. But you will now permit me, Colonel, to wish you a good morning, merely observing ere I quit this room, that you are at liberty to retain these volumes in their present situation, or to replace them, if more convenient to you, on their former shelves."

They now therefore descended to the library, and having restored the central compartment to its former relative situation with the adjoining presses, were passing through the hall together, when Miss Burton, returning from a walk in the garden, met them at its entrance. Exercise and the balmy breath of morning, combining with the suddenness of the encounter, had spread more than a usual degree of colour and animation over features at all times lovely and interesting. Such, indeed, was the sweetness and intelligent expression of her countenance, such the lightness of her form, and the elegant simplicity of her dress, that, struck by a vision of such unexpected and surpassing beauty, it was not until after the Colonel had for some time announced her as his daughter, that Mr. Melville recollected himself sufficiently to pay the customary debt of courtesy. A sprightly conversation, however, of a few minutes then ensued; but no sooner had they separated, than congratulations on possessing such a treasure immediately burst from the lips of Mr. Melville. "How

greatly, Colonel Burton," he exclaimed, while taking his final leave at the portal of the lower court, — "how greatly are you to be envied the possession of such a gem!"—"I am fully sensible, I assure you, Sir, of its worth," returned the Colonel; "and, like a miser, hang over its lustre with perhaps too partial a fondness; — but Sir Gregory Bellerdiston is, I understand, in this respect, equally favoured; nay, may boast, I believe, to continue your metaphor, of two diamonds of the purest water!"

"You are not misinformed, Colonel Burton; for I can truly say, that young Bellerdiston and his sister are the sole comfort and support of their aged father, and an honour to his house. The former very early in life maintained the heroic character of his ancestors fighting by his sovereign's side; and the latter inherits the graces and the virtues of her mother, who was accomplished beyond the generality of her sex, a woman of strong sense and unaffected piety. May He who has visited the sins of his people, and who, nevertheless tempers the wind to the shorn

lamb, protect my venerable friend and his children from the pangs of utter destitution! Nor can I part from you, Sir, with a better wish, or one more productive of blessings to yourself, than that providence may have raised you up as an instrument of its mercy to this noble but afflicted family!" Saying this, he retired, struggling to hide the emotions which agitated his frame.

Such were the circumstances which an occupancy of little more than two days had produced at Kirton Priory; circumstances which made so powerful an impression on the minds of Colonel Burton and his daughter, as to have convinced them, notwithstanding the shortness of the period in which they had occurred, how great was the respectability of the family they had been driven to supplant. How generous and patriotic had been the conduct of the father; how gallant that of the son; and how amiable and affectionate the disposition and character of the unfortunate Jane! The parting ejaculation, too, of Mr. Melville contributed not a little to augment the sympathy and interest which the Colonel had taken in the

late of the Bellerdistons, as it seemed to intimate that pecuniary difficulties might be among the number of the misfortunes they were destined to feel. He re-entered the Priory, therefore, resolved to seize an early opportunity of discovering the residence of his reverend visitor, in order to make such arrangements as should effectually preclude the occurrence of a disaster so humiliating.

He found Miss Burton, as might naturally be supposed, anxious to learn what the business of this stranger, so venerable from his age, and impressive in his manner, and who had occupied so much of her father's time, could possibly be. She listened, therefore, with eager curiosity to the detail he gave of the interview, inferring and hoping, as the Colonel had already done, that from such a communication an intercourse between the two families would ultimately, and, indeed, necessarily ensue. "But, my dear father," she exclaimed, "I long to see this hiding place of the Bellerdistons which you have so admirably described; for, to tell you the truth, I suspect this is not the only one which they possess, either in the mansion

or its immediate neighbourhood." — "I am perfectly of your opinion," replied the Colonel, with a significant smile; "nor do I care how many they possess, provided their contents be of the same interesting description."

Thus conversing, they hastened to the library, Colonel Burton being anxious to restore the morocco-coated tomes of his beloved Caxton and his disciples to their former stations of glory in the splendid book-presses of Kirton Priory; while Emily anticipating not only a romantic pleasure in tracing the mazes of concealment, but feeling the ambitious hope of extending the sphere of discovery, followed to the secret chamber. From this place, however, after taking a cursory glance at its literary treasures, over which she left her father soliloquising in capturous admiration, she soon retraced her way, and passing the entrance into the library, began the ascent of those steps which Mr. Melville had pointed out as leading to a suite of chambers on the eastern side of the hall. Accordingly, to her great disappointment, these speedily terminated in a low narrow door, which opening behind some arras, gave admission

into one of three rooms communicating with the eastern gallery of the hall, and through this, of course, with every part of the building. Yet aware that much of the Priory remained unexplored, especially towards the eastern front, she passed from the hall-gallery, turning to the right, into a corridor which, running along the north side of the upper quadrangle led to various sleeping-apartments ranging over the dining and with-drawing rooms of that wing; and principally with the view of ascertaining if any communication existed between the two towers of this front, and consequently between the apartments where she and her father slept, and those on the opposite side.

The eastern front of Kirton Priory differed widely in its style of architecture from the western or principal entrance; for whilst the latter, from its magnificent pointed windows and lofty spires, assumed almost a cathedral appearance, the former presented the not less imposing aspect of a strong baronial castle; the towers, and the curtain between them, which was of a crescent-like form, being strongly embattled, and constructed apparently for defence.

Indeed it was evident that this front and the four turrets rising from the angles of the central roof surmounting the great hall, were of a date much posterior to the ecclesiastical parts of the structure, and must have been added for purposes totally unconnected with the original destination of the fabric. Mixed, and discordant, indeed, as in many respects the two styles were, the effect was yet, especially in this approach to the Priory, singularly pleasing: the massy towers and semicircular curtain in front, the lighter turrets in the centre of the whole, and the lofty aerial spires in the back-ground, formed a *coup d'œil* of the most impressive grandeur and beauty.

It was evident to Emily, that, as the library and great gallery over it abutted on the southern tower, their sleeping apartments, whose entrance was placed on the left of the termination of this gallery, must form the commencing part of the curve of the curtain, and she, therefore, sought for a similar arrangement on the northern side. The last chamber, however, of this wing had but one door, yet the extremity of the corridor into which it

opened, exhibited a small arched way, on passing through which the correspondence she looked for was developed in a manner of which she could scarcely have formed a previous conjecture. Two doors, one in front, and the other on the right hand, immediately presented themselves, the latter opening into a room whose size exactly equalled that of both the chambers of the opposite wing. It was fitted up, however, in a very different style, and for a very different purpose, being manifestly intended for a lady's reading and music saloon; instruments and books, together with implements for drawing, and some needle-work being scattered in various parts of it.

This then, thought Emily, was the favourite apartment of Jane Bellerdiston! I should love it for her sake, were it not in itself attractive! No association, indeed, of the kind was wanting to render it an object of admiration; for it was decorated with great taste and simplicity, and commanded, from its situation, the same enchanting view of the gardens which Emily had beheld with so much pleasure from the window of her own sleeping-room. Its walls, which

were stained of a light green and stuccoed in compartments, exhibited some exquisite prints and drawings from the first masters. But the charm which, from its novelty and beauty, most fascinated the attention of Miss Burton, was the immediate connection of this apartment with an extensive conservatory of flowers, occupying the entire depth and central part of the curve of the curtain. This exquisite collection of the most exquisite of Nature's productions, was liberally intermixed with ever-greens and heaths, and called forth exclamations of [illegible] its delighted visitor, as soon as she had entered its precincts, and inhaled its matchless fragrance. "Is it possible," she whispered to herself, "is it possible that this lovely assemblage can have any communication with the antiquated chamber where I sleep? and yet am I convinced, from the direction of the building, that it must necessarily approach its scite. The idea gave fresh energy to the spirit of research; and it was with a triumph little short of what is experienced by the discoverer of some new fact in science, that she at length felt one of several moulded compartments move beneath her finger. This, which was

nearly opposite the entrance from the anti-room, on further pressure gave way, disclosing numerous folds of tapestry, that, separating with ease, admitted her, on removing a chair, into her own apartment.

Nothing could be more grateful to Emily than such a discovery; for here was a range of elegant accommodations peculiarly her own, disposed and finished in a style singularly accordant with her own taste and feelings, and communicating, in the most convenient manner, with every part of the Priory. To Jane Bellerdiston she very justly ascribed the formation of the book-boudoir and its attendant conservatory, the latter having been anciently used merely as a depository for grain and other stores, and originally lighted by loop-holes for the purpose of defence. These had now been converted into large and lofty windows opening from their centre, and admitting the necessary supply of light and air, whilst the anti-room retained its glazed bow or recess, in correspondence with that in Emily's chamber.

Nor was this the sole fruit of her researches, for, conscious of having overlooked the passage

of communication from her own apartment, she began an accurate inspection of every portion of the tapestry, and soon uncovered a small arch on the right side of the recess, leading by a flight of stairs into a room of the southern tower, immediately beneath that in which the books and manuscripts had been secreted, and which she afterwards found had a companion in the opposite wing; the door which she had seen facing her, as she turned into the boudoir, conducting to it. From the lofty situation of these apartments, the gardens, park, and adjacent country spread beneath the eye to infinite advantage, unfolding a scene of extended beauty which greatly added to the various gratifications resulting from the architectural arrangements, and interior accommodations of the eastern front."

Eager to communicate the successful issue of her enterprise, Miss Burton hastened through the long gallery, and meeting Jerome in the hall, returning from an expedition into the village, whither he had been sent by his master, instantly mentioned to him her good fortune. "Ah! Madam," exclaimed the old man, with a somewhat dejected countenance, "who could

have thought you would have found out those sweet flowers so soon! I meant to have had the pleasure of surprising you with them this morning, had not one thing or another prevented me; for ever since the old gardener that was, told me of them, and he did it methought somewhat grudgingly, I have watched them like so many children, giving them air and water daily, and thinking all the while how delighted you would be in tending and taking care of them." —"My good Jerome," replied Emily with a smile, "I am truly sorry I have anticipated the pleasure you had promised yourself; but, in reward of your consideration for me, I will petition my father, to whom I am listening as well as yourself, to show you a part of the house, which has hitherto escaped your keenest scrutiny;" a declaration which, as might be supposed, not a little excited the wonder and expectation of the aged butler, whose principal occupation for some weeks past, had been that of wandering over every part of the Priory where his fears would allow him to intrude.

They found Colonel Burton, who, after due

examination, had restored his favourites to their vacant seats of honour, still engaged in literary pursuits. He willingly gratified, however, the curiosity of Jerome, and, after listening with a lively interest to his daughter's detail of her discoveries, remarked at the close, "that he trusted the hours were not far distant when she and Jane Bellerdiston would be as cordially employed together in the preservation and arrangement of their flowers, as he and Sir Gregory should in the study and conservation of their beloved tomes!"

Two or three days had now elapsed in the tranquil enjoyments of domestic pleasures; the mornings dedicated either to interior regulations of taste and conveniency, or to short excursions through the neighbouring scenery, and the evenings to music, conversation, and books; when, one fine night, tempted by the beauty of the moon which shone with unaccustomed splendour, Emily left her father's side to mark the soft lustre of its beams, as they slept on the various projecting masses of the building, or clothed with pearly brilliance the foliage and the flowers, the terraces and the fountains of its

fanciful but magnificent gardens. A faint blush of crimson still lingered in the western horizon, the air was fragrant and soothing, and, undisturbed by any thing save the sullen drone of the beetle as he swept by on circling wing, nature lay hushed in perfect repose.

With noiseless steps and a cheerful heart, Emily passed the eastern gateway, and, after turning to admire for some minutes the ebony shadows and silvery lights which the towers and buttresses exhibited in such vivid contrast and striking profusion, she entered the lower garden, and taking a forward direction, though inclining somewhat to the right, ascended one of the loftiest and most distant of the terraces. Here a scene of almost magic illusion burst upon her view; on one side columns, pyramids, and statues, glancing in the moon-beam white as snow, and starting forward from a screen of foliage black with shade; on the other a small lake retiring westward from the eye like a flood of molten silver, its banks fringed with tall pines, through the interstices of whose partially illuminated stems were seen the faint outline of some scattered ruins. These, from their situ-

ation being apparently opposite the southern side of the chapel, Emily conjectured to be the remains of that part of the ancient Priory to which Jerome had alluded, when speaking of the Abbot's chamber, and which had been suffered to moulder away from neglect. Thither, therefore, anxious to ascertain their nature and extent, she directed her course, pursuing that bank of the water which lay nearest to the grounds adjoining the library, and soon reached what on a subsequent examination proved to be parts of the refectory, dormitory, and cloister; vestiges of the former running parallel to the body of the chapel or former church from east to west, while the dormitory with its cloister beneath in a much more perfect state, and stretching from north to south, connected the western front with the refectory; thus forming, with the chapel, three sides of a square, which had originally been completed by the southern transept; but this having been taken down, the whole interior was now a portion of the dressed grounds, which passing by the library, and extending thence to the very margin of the lake, had allowed Emily to catch a glimpse of the

ruins from the south-eastern part of the upper gardens.

Amid these ruins, which, owing to the depth of the avenue, and to lateral shrubberies when before the western front of the Priory, and to intervening trees whilst looking from the library or gallery, had been hitherto screened from Emily's observation, she now wandered with peculiar pleasure, and was admiring the effect of the moonlight as it glanced along the Gothic pillars of the cloister, when she thought she perceived a human figure stealing through the deep shade which enveloped its interior portion. Scarcely, however, had she time to conjecture who this mysterious personage might be, when he suddenly emerged to view, and she immediately recognised, not without some marks of fear and perturbation, the youthful hunter whom she had seen for a few minutes near Margaret's cottage in the glen. "Be not alarmed, Miss Burton," he exclaimed, as he slowly and somewhat timidly approached; "I but wish to thank you, and, through you, the Colonel, for the liberal sentiments and generous intentions which I have just learnt from Mr.

Melville, you entertain with regard to Sir Gregory and his family. In me you behold the son of that loyal, that patriotic, but persecuted old man, who has fallen a victim in defence of all that was good and great in the land, reduced, together with him and a beloved sister, to hide our heads in the very bosom of our own former demesnes, lest the unrelenting despotism of a tyrant, who, not content with seizing the patrimony of our fathers, has interdicted to us our native soil, should inflict a violent and ignominious death. Yet the time may come —— but, pardon me, Miss Burton, I am losing, in the sense of my own wrongs, the fleeting moments which opportunity has indulged me with to express my grateful sense of the interest you have so kindly taken in the fate and fortunes of our family —— Yes, short as the time has been since your coming hither, I have heard from those lips —— nay, start not, dear Madam, for, though dire necessity, and the hope of annoying a supposed domestic foe, had compelled us to become, almost involuntarily, spies upon your every word and action, the place is now, believe me, inviolate as holy ground; nor would I, for

the wealth of worlds, any longer dare to intrude upon a privacy which I hold as sacred as the dearest thing I have on earth. Allow me then to hope, that the disclosure I have just made of a line of conduct that self-preservation forced upon us, will not efface any impression which report or accident may have made in our favour."

"Indeed, Sir," answered Emily, pale and agitated, yet recovering from her apprehensions; "however indignant I might be at such a procedure on any other occasion, the very peculiar circumstances under which you are placed, and the necessity there seemed to be for watching those who might naturally be deemed the willing instruments of oppression, will sufficiently plead your excuse;——but you must permit me to retire, and to express a wish ere I go, that the unshaken loyalty of your house may be yet acknowledged."—"Stay, dearest Madam," replied Edward, "leave me not without some hope that I shall see you once more. I cannot but behold you as some protecting minister of good, some lovely emanation of superior virtue, sent in Heaven's mercy, to

shed peace and comfort over the couch of sorrow and despair! Stay then, in pity stay, or, at least, assure me we shall meet again!" —"It is impossible, Mr. Bellerdiston," said Emily, "I can ever encourage a clandestine appointment." —"When, then, Miss Burton," interrupted Edward; "Oh when shall I ever see you? Recollect my situation, and that of my family—surely you would not hesitate to meet me for a few moments in yonder hallowed chapel, to which I can have private access; more especially if my sister Jane accompany me? How delighted shall I be to introduce her to you, and with what pride and pleasure will she embrace you as a friend and sister."

"Of Miss Jane Bellerdiston," rejoined Emily, "I have heard nothing but what must endear her to me, and shall be highly gratified in seizing the first proper opportunity of cultivating her friendship; but without my father's knowledge, Sir, I cannot grant the interview you wish." —"Would to Heaven, Miss Burton, that concealment were no longer necessary to our safety! I should not then offend your

delicacy by the petition I am now offering. But may I hope, that, if your father's sanction be obtained, you will not refuse to meet myself and Jane to-morrow evening in the chapel." — "Certainly not," Mr. Bellerdiston, "if your sister be with you." — "Oh! she will hasten," he added, "on the wings of anticipating pleasure, and when the first faint prelude to the evening-hymn shall rise from yonder organ," pointing to the chapel, "do not, I beg of you, forget to join us." — "I will not," she exclaimed, "if my father approve, and you forget not your promise as to Jane." —

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops!" —

"Nay, then," replied Emily with a smile, "it is time, indeed, since you are becoming thus romantic, that I bid you farewell; for I am not yet prepared, believe me, to act the part of Juliet." Thus saying, and repressing all further reply, she withdrew, leaving Edward fixed to the spot, intently gazing on her delicate form,

as, partially illumined by the light of the moon, it was seen for some time gliding beneath the airy foliage of some groups of trees which skirted the margin of the water.

(*To be continued.*)

No. X.

Et "bene," discedens dicat, "placidèque quiescas
"Terraque securæ sit super ossa levis."
TIBULLUS.

With flowery garlands each revolving year,
Oh strew the grave where Truth and Softness rest;
Then, home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.
HAMMOND.

THE very striking and romantic incident on which I have founded the following little tale, was first given to the public by the Rev. Philip Parsons, in his work entitled "Monuments and Painted Glass," 4to. 1794; and as it is a necessary, and, at the same time, an interesting introduction to the poem, I shall present it to my readers in the words of that ingenious antiquary:—

"I cannot conclude this account of Hadleigh," he says, "without giving an anecdote in some degree connected with the place, and in itself exceedingly remarkable.

"I was informed that in the parish church of Llandulph * in Cornwall, there was a memorial of a lineal descendant of the Imperial line, who married a wife from Hadleigh.

"The account was so highly curious and yet so improbable, that I wished to be certain of the truth. To this purpose I wrote to the officiating minister at Saltash, which I judged to be the nearest post-town to Llandulph, and in consequence soon received an obliging answer, of which the following is an extract:—

"'In the chancel of Llandulph church is a mural monument, containing the following inscription, on a brass tablet, in length twenty-one inches, in breadth seventeen, and fixed about five feet from the ground. Every letter is in Roman capitals, and the original spelling is preserved.

* Llandulph is a few miles from Callington.

"THE INSCRIPTION.

"'Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Palcologus, of Pesanio, in Itayle, descended from the Imperyall lyne of the last Christian Emperours of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Palcologus the eighth of that name, and last of the lyne that raygned in Constantinople, until subdewed by the Turks, who married with Mary the daughter of William Balls of Hadlye, in Soufolke, gent., and had issue five children — Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and deppted this life at Clyftop the 21st of January, 1636.

"'Above the whole, in an escutcheon of brass, are engraved two turrets, with the figure of an engle with two heads, resting a claw on each turret.

"'WM. TREVANION BARLOW.'

"On receiving this account, so convincing in regard to the existence of such a monument, I made farther enquiries in respect to the person, but with much less success.

" Thomas, brother of Constantine Paleologus, of whom Mahomet II., emperor of the Turks, gave this character—' that in the great country of Peloponnesus, he had found many slaves, but never a man but him,' * after defending the castle of Salmonica a whole year against the Turks, made his escape from that fortress, when all hope of relief had been abandoned, and fled into Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him a pension till his death. It is probable that Theodore, the descendant of prince Thomas, who lies buried at Llandulph, sought an asylum in England, in consequence of the hostility shown towards the Greeks by Pope Paul V., and his successor Gregory XV. I have not been able to learn what became of the sons of this descendant of the Imperial line: his daughter Dorothy was married at Llandulph, to William Arundell, in 1656, and died 1681; and his daughter Mary, who died unmarried, was buried there in 1674, as appears by the parish register.

* Vide Knolles's History of the Turks.

" A kind friend has searched, at my desire, the old register of Hadleigh, in which he finds the family of the Balls very numerous.

" 'In the register of marriages,' says he, 'there is one dated May 27, 1617, with the names erased, and four : : dots left in the place; now why may not I, in the spirit of an antiquary, suppose that this might be the very marriage, as it is about nineteen years before Theodoro died?'

" If this conjecture be well founded, the erasure (and the erasure of a register is something extraordinary) might arise from resentment, or a desire of concealment. And the idea is something corroborated by a similar erasure, equally remarkable in the baptisms of the family of the Balls; it is this: —

Mary . . . . . Dr. to . . . . . 1591.

It should seem that this was the Mary Balls, who was married in 1617, and who then would be twenty-six years of age." *

* Parsons's Monuments and Stained Glass, 4to., 1794. pp. 544, 545.

MARY OF HADLEIGH.

1.

THROUGH the dim arch, with mantling ivy crown'd,
The moon's wan orb had shed a sickly light;
Along each echoing aisle, with sullen sound,
The midnight storm was rushing on its flight:

2.

When o'er the heath, as pour'd the piercing air,
The cry of "murder" rose upon the blast;
The traveller starting, breath'd a hurried pray'r,
Rein'd his dark steed, and turn'd his ear aghast.

3.

Groans, as from parting life's convulsing frame,
At times were heard upon the gale to swell;
And, led by these, with fearful step he came,
Where, bath'd in blood, the hapless victim fell.

4.

Stretch'd on the green-sward as in act to die,
Though breathing still, a gallant youth he found,
The moon-beam glancing as the rack swept by,
Show'd his rich vesture pierc'd with many a wound.

5.

With anguish seiz'd and horror at the deed,
Awe-struck awhile he gaz'd, then, leaping down,
Bound the worn sufferer fainting on his steed,
And led him heedful to the neighb'ring town.

6.

Here, where the Breta winds her ripling wave,
And views her tall spire lift its tap'ring head,
Where Hadleigh still can point to Guthrun's grave,
And still the tear o'er martyr'd Taylor shed,

7.

Speechless and cold, and pierc'd with thrilling pain,
The drooping stranger to his roof he brought,
Instant for aid dispatch'd his menial train,
And each kind means to save existence sought,

8.

Nor sought in vain; for soon, tho' pale and weak,
Though tremulous still, and labouring to respire,
Health dawning smil'd upon his faded cheek,
And from his eye-balls shot relumin fire.

9.

Yet, danger shifting, varied treachery tries,
And, mask'd in charms, from beauty's bosom flows;

From looks of pity, love-inspiring sighs,
From lips that breathe, and cheeks that shame the rose.

10.

Ah! what defence could Theodoro boast,
When o'er his couch as evening breezes die,
He saw the blushing daughter of his host
In languid sorrow bend the tearful eye.

11.

First of the forms that ever poet drew,
Was Mary graceful as the bounding roe;
On her ripe lip sate love embath'd in dew,
Or ambush'd close where heaves the living snow.

12.

Free from her forehead, curl'd and clust'ring bright,
Profuse and rich her raven tresses fell;
Whilst dark and full, and thron'd in humid light,
How many a tale those eyes of sweetness tell!

13.

Nor was her mind less lovely than her frame;—
For all that suffer'd she had learnt to grieve;
A lily shrinking from the noon-tide flame,
But pouring perfume on the gale of eve.

14.

Oh! woman's pity each dread ill can cure,
It whispers peace, and seems to open heav'n;
It gives the breast to glow with passion pure,
Breathe its warm vows, and hope to be forgiv'n.

15.

Thus felt the youth, and soon sweet Mary knows
What soft infection on his accents hung,
As she sate listening to the varied woes
That one by one his manly heart had wrung.

16.

Of many a deed in glory's fields he told,
Of many a danger pass'd on shore and flood;
E'en to the night when, fir'd by thirst of gold,
His faithless servants dipt their hands in blood.

17.

There is a sympathy in noble minds,
A bond of love which vice and folly fly.
A confidence which only virtue finds,
As, touch'd by truth, she bids the heart reply.

18.

And these did Mary and her lover feel,
Though round the youth a veil of mystery hung;

Though parents murmur, and though friends oppose,
And many a censure flows from many a tongue.

19.

Ah, where! if not in that eye's open cell,
As pledges sure of manly honour giv'n,
If not on that clear brow, they love to dwell,
Oh, where shall faith and fondness find their heav'n!

20.

In triumph trusting, and with joy imprest,
No fear had Mary or of guile or art;
But, in the temple where her fathers rest,
Gave to the man she lov'd a willing heart.

21.

Swift from the altar to an unknown roof,
Th' enamour'd stranger bore his blooming fair!
And years roll'd on, whilst from the world aloof,
No search could trace them, and no rumour came.

22.

When, one dark night, as, round Mount Ryecumbe high
The whirling tempests their hoarse descant sung,

And, in wild concord with the sea-mew's cry,
O'er Cornwall's cliffs the foam of ocean flung.

23.

From a lone vessel wreck'd on Tamar's flood,
And nigh the reefs by Landulph's fane unshriv'd,
Thrown on the coast an aged pilgrim stood,
His grey locks streaming on the winter's wind.

24.

Round in dismay, of friendly aid in search,
Through the deep void he turn'd an anxious eye,
When from the chancel of high Landulph church,
With sudden flash a beam of light shot by.

25.

Rapt in amazement, yet led on by fate,
O'er the dim pile one fearful look he cast;
Thrice trac'd its walls, and through its western gate,
Half open found, with trembling footstep past.

26.

On the ground kneeling, near a scutcheon'd tomb,
A female form he saw, and rob'd in white:

Whilst, hung on high, through shades of murky gloom,
A lamp pale gleaming shed a sickly light.

27.

Slow, and with noiseless stealth, he onward stept.
His heart-pulse flutt'ring with suspended breath;
Till, close behind the mourner she crept,
Silent he stood, a statue still as death.

28.

Oh! who the sorrows of lost love can speak,
As to her bosom press'd her infant clung?
Fast fell the tears that bath'd its dimpled cheek,
Whilst her clasp'd hands in agony she wrung.

29.

On a brass tablet rear'd above her head,
O'er which the lamp a waning splendour threw,
Her eyes were fix'd, and thither instant led,
Fix'd the deep anguish of the pilgrim too.

30.

Whether with pangs as utterless he could make known,
With wonder stooping, and with shudd'ring awe,

Theodoro, heir of the Imperial throne.
Commix'd with Mary's humble name he saw!

31.

Groans, as if life its inmost seat forsook,
At length escap'd the pilgrim's tortur'd breast;
And Mary, rising, turn'd with ghastly look,
"My father!" shriek'd, and instant sank to rest!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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